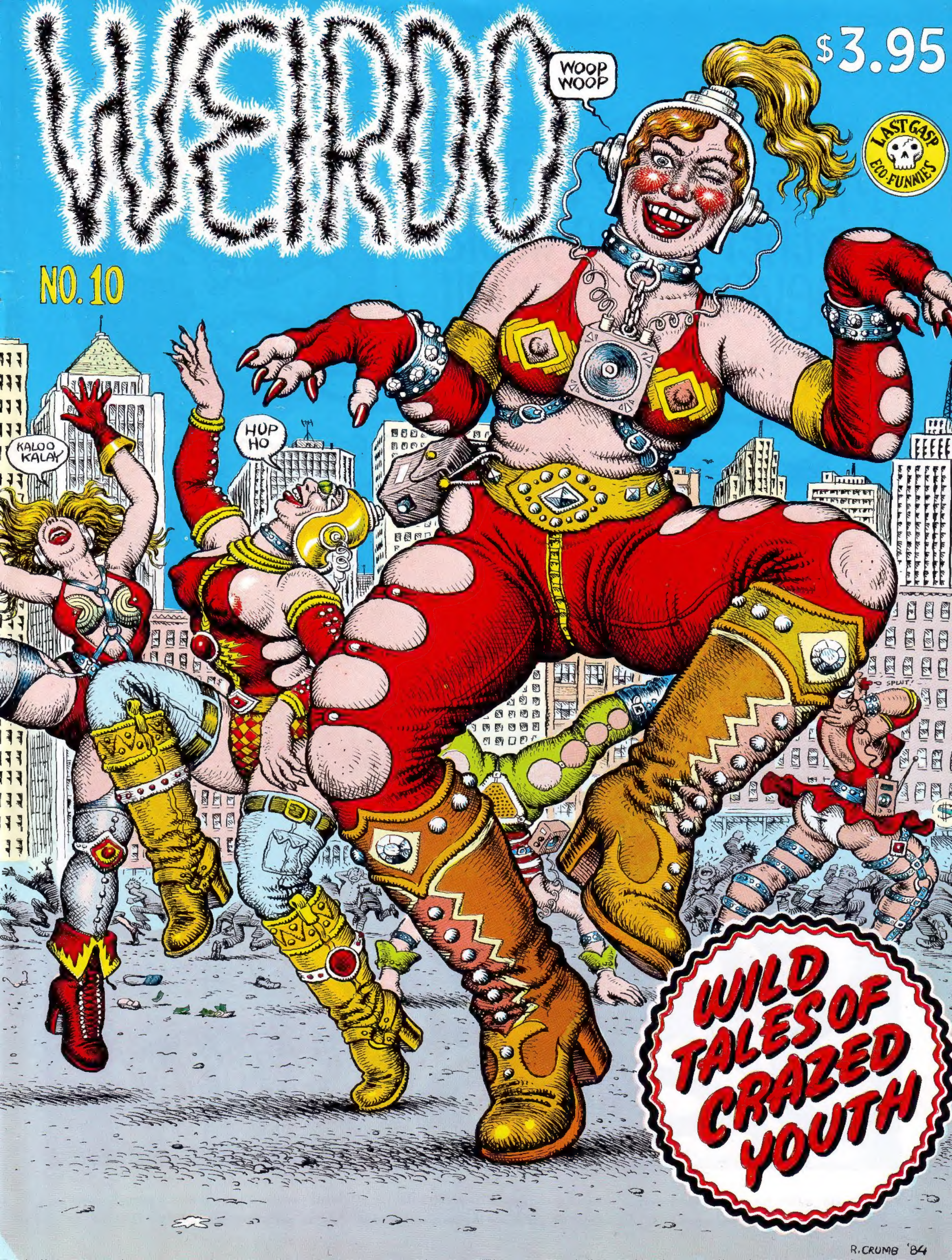
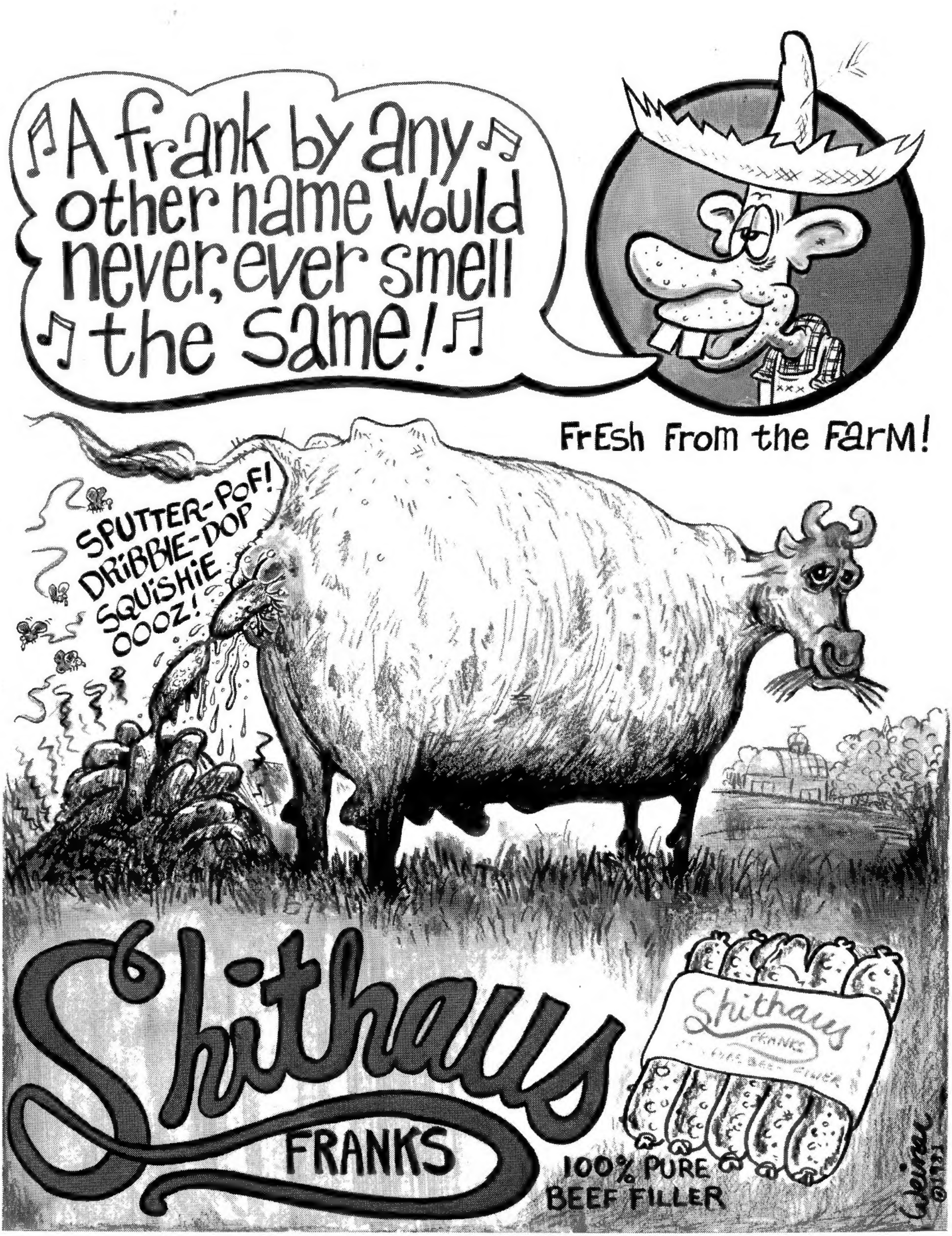

WEIRDO
$3.95
NO. 10
LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
WOOP WOOP
KALOO KALAY
HUP HO
SPLUT!
WILD TALES OF CRAZED YOUTH
R. CRUMB '84


♫ A frank by any ♫ other name would never, ever smell ♫ the same! ♫
Fresh from the Farm!
SPUTTER-POF! DRIBBIE-DOP SQUISHIE OOOZ!
Shithaus
FRANKS
100% PURE BEEF FILLER
Shithaus FRANKS PURE BEEF FILLER

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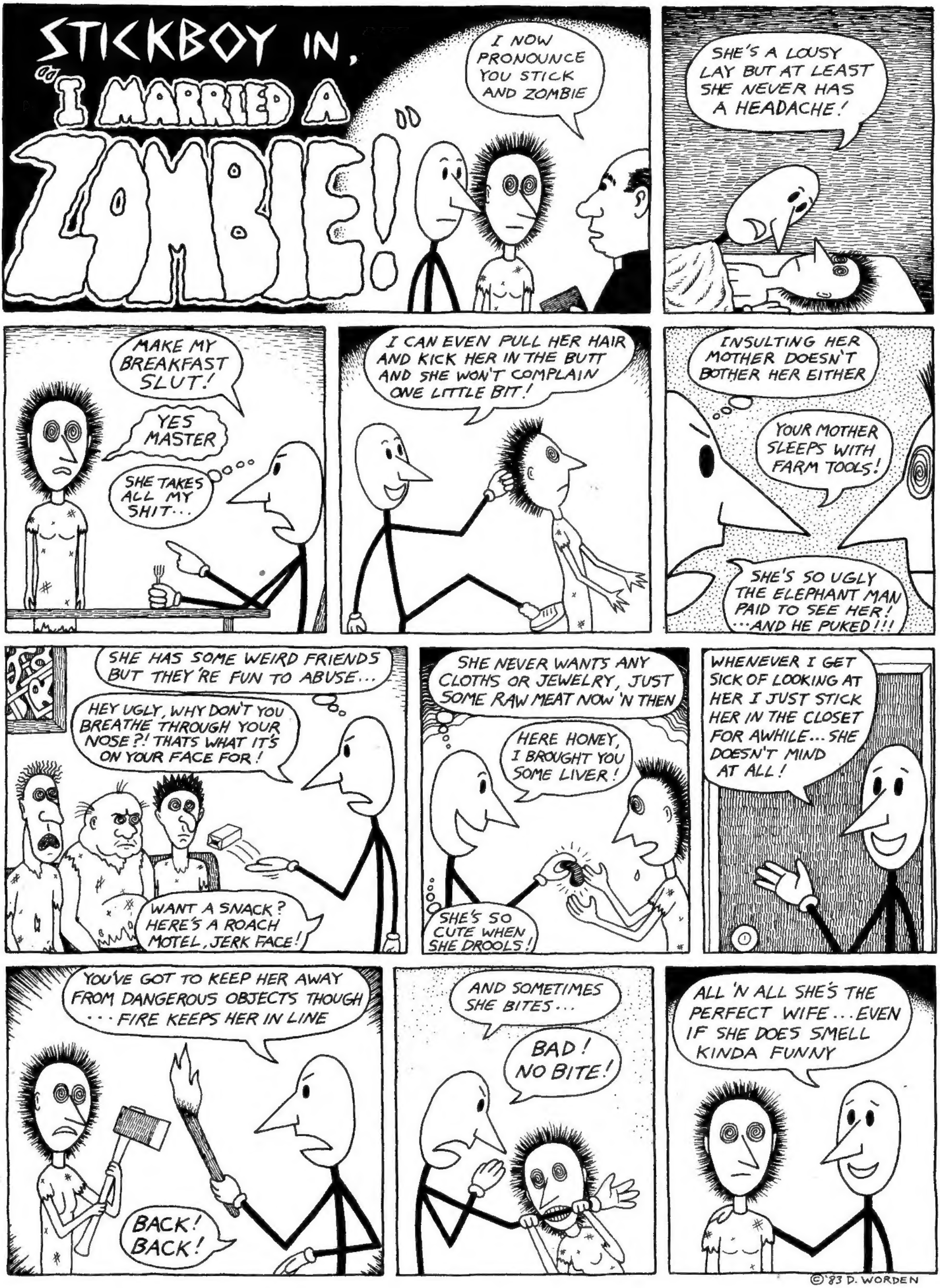
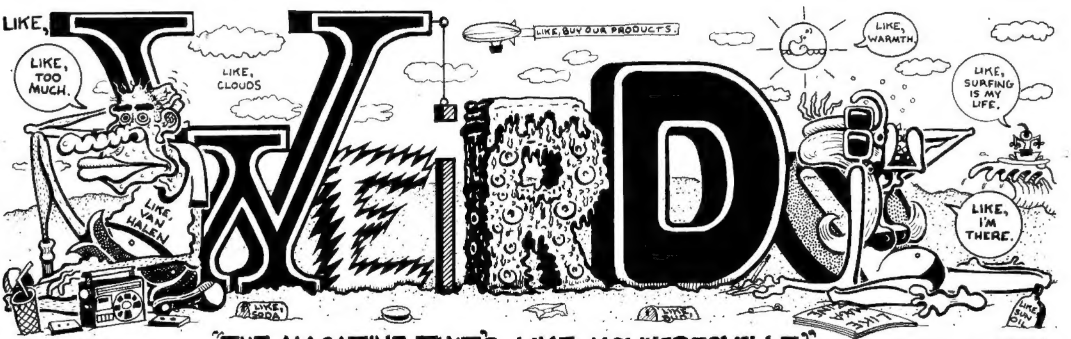

STICKBOY IN, "I MARRIED A ZOMBIE!"
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU STICK AND ZOMBIE
SHE'S A LOUSY LAY BUT AT LEAST SHE NEVER HAS A HEADACHE!
MAKE MY BREAKFAST SLUT!
YES MASTER
SHE TAKES ALL MY SHIT...
I CAN EVEN PULL HER HAIR AND KICK HER IN THE BUTT AND SHE WON'T COMPLAIN ONE LITTLE BIT!
INSULTING HER MOTHER DOESN'T BOTHER HER EITHER
YOUR MOTHER SLEEPS WITH FARM TOOLS!
SHE'S SO UGLY THE ELEPHANT MAN PAID TO SEE HER! ...AND HE PUKED!!!
SHE HAS SOME WEIRD FRIENDS BUT THEY'RE FUN TO ABUSE...
HEY UGLY, WHY DON'T YOU BREATHE THROUGH YOUR NOSE?! THATS WHAT IT'S ON YOUR FACE FOR!
WANT A SNACK? HERE'S A ROACH MOTEL, JERK FACE!
SHE NEVER WANTS ANY CLOTHS OR JEWELRY, JUST SOME RAW MEAT NOW 'N THEN
HERE HONEY, I BROUGHT YOU SOME LIVER!
SHE'S SO CUTE WHEN SHE DROOLS!
WHENEVER I GET SICK OF LOOKING AT HER I JUST STICK HER IN THE CLOSET FOR AWHILE... SHE DOESN'T MIND AT ALL!
YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP HER AWAY FROM DANGEROUS OBJECTS THOUGH ... FIRE KEEPS HER IN LINE
BACK! BACK!
AND SOMETIMES SHE BITES...
BAD! NO BITE!
ALL 'N ALL SHE'S THE PERFECT WIFE... EVEN IF SHE DOES SMELL KINDA FUNNY

©'83 D. WORDEN



•NUMBER 10 ~~~~ "THE MAGAZINE THAT'S, LIKE, NOWHERESVILLE." ~~~~ SUMMER, 1984•

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR(S)

Send all Letters
and Submissions (no
originals please) TO:
Peter Bagge
P.O. Box 3051
Hoboken, N.J.
07030

*HELLO AND WELCOME TO THE "NEW" WEIRDO, THOUGH AS YOU CAN SEE THERE'S NOT THAT MUCH THAT'S NEW ABOUT IT. IT'S STILL THE SAME SIZE, FORMAT AND COVER PRICE. IT STILL FEATURES BEAUTIFUL AND BREATH-TAKING ART WORK. IN OTHER WORDS, IT'S STILL THE* ***GREATEST MAGAZINE*** *THE* ***WORLD HAS EVER SEEN, BAR NONE!*** *WELL, THAT'S WHAT I THINK, ANYWAY. THAT'S WHAT I* ***HAVE*** *TO THINK, NOW THAT I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS...THIS...****SNOT-ENCRUSTED, COOTIES-INFESTED*** *PIECE OF* ***GUTTER-FILTH!***

*AND SPEAKING OF GUTTER-FILTH, LET'S SEE WHAT SOME OF OUR READERS HAVE TO SAY...*

*— MAN PRAYS TO "PEE-DOG" —*

DEAR R.,

... WEIRDO IS ONE OF THOSE THINGS YOU LOVE SO MUCH THAT YOU JUST **CAN'T STAND IT!** PAGES 2+3 IN WEIRDO #8 — HALLOWED BE THEIR NAME — GIVE YOU A PRECIOUS LESSON WHICH YOU CAN USE TO BUILD YOUR PUBLICATION. HOLD THE DOOR OPEN FOR MORE FINE ART LIKE THIS TO INFILTRATE THE PUBLIC MEDIUM. WILL YOU?

— PAUL McINTYRE
LAKESIDE, CALIF.

PETER,

... NOW THAT WEIRDO IS OUT OF N.Y.C., I HAVE AN IDEA. EVER HEAR OF SAMMY PATRILLO? HE'S AN OLD COMMEDIAN WHO LIVES IN MANHATTAN. HE WAS A JERRY LEWIS LOOK-ALIKE IN THE '50s, AND MADE A FEW MOVIES WITH A DEAN MARTIN LOOK-ALIKE. IN THE '70s PETRILLO MADE SOME OFF-COLOR COMEDY RECORDS. HE USED TO MODEL IN THE PHOTO-THINGS IN TITTER, WINK AND EYEFULL, AND THE OTHER HARRISON MAGS IN THE '50s. THE GUY IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE UNSUNG HEROES OF COMEDY. IF YOU COULD FIND HIM IT MIGHT MAKE A GOOD INTERVIEW/PROFILE PIECE. ASK THE GUYS AT THE CARNEGIE DELI. IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FIND THIS GUY... ... ALSO HOW ABOUT BROTHER THEODORE?

I USED TO GO TO N.Y.C. TO SEE ALOT OF THESE GUYS IN THE EARLY '60s. PETRILLO IS A GUY WHO IS FASCINATING, IN A SMALL-TIME SHOWBIZ SORT OF WAY. THESE GUYS WOULD BE PRIME "WEIRDO" MATERIAL.

— JAY LYNCH,
CHICAGO, ILL.

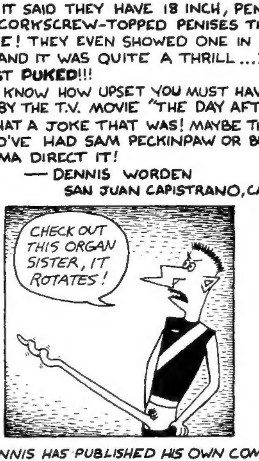
*(— THAT IS A GOOD IDEA... PROBLEM IS WE'VE BARELY ENOUGH ROOM TO PRINT ALL THE COMIC ART THAT WE'D LIKE TO, WITHOUT DEVOTING SPACE TO OTHER SUBJECTS-ed)*

HEY PETER,

... I GOT THE INSPIRATION FOR THE MARTIAN'S PENIS (*SEE BELOW*) FROM A SHOW ON WILD HOGS. IT SAID THEY HAVE 18 INCH, PENCIL-THIN, CORKSCREW-TOPPED PENISES THAT ROTATE! THEY EVEN SHOWED ONE IN ACTION AND IT WAS QUITE A THRILL ... I ALMOST **PUKED**!!!

... I KNOW HOW UPSET YOU MUST HAVE BEEN BY THE T.V. MOVIE "THE DAY AFTER". **HA**! WHAT A JOKE THAT WAS! MAYBE THEY SHOULD'VE HAD SAM PECKINPAW OR BRIAN DEPALMA DIRECT IT!

— DENNIS WORDEN
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CALIF.


CHECK OUT THIS ORGAN SISTER, IT ROTATES!

*(— DENNIS HAS PUBLISHED HIS OWN COMIC BOOK, SLUR, AND IT'S EXCELLENT! FOR YOUR OWN COPY SEND $2.00 TO: P.O. BOX 192, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CALIF. 92693. SLUR #2 DUE SOON. ALSO CHECK OUT 2 STRIPS BY WORDEN IN THIS ISSUE OF WEIRDO!-ed)*

DEAR R. CRUMB,

... I HAVE READ ALL THE ISSUES OF "WEIRDO" AND WHILE GOING THROUGH THE LETTERS YOU'VE RECEIVED, I NOTICED A LETTER FROM SOMEONE WHO SENT MONEY TO YOU TO DO WITH AS YOU PLEASE. THIS STRUCK ME AS SUCH A GOOD IDEA THAT, AS A WAY OF SHOWING MY APPRECIATION FOR THE PLEASURE YOU HAVE GIVEN ME, I AM SENDING A CHECK OF MY OWN. IT WOULD BE NICE... IF THIS IDEA CAUGHT ON AND OTHERS DID THIS TOO...

— BEN FLYNN
VERNON, CONN.

*(MAKE ALL CHECKS OUT TO P. BAGGE FROM HERE ON. —ed.)*

DEAR R,

... WEIRDO MUST SURELY BE A "SIGN OF THE TIMES" MAGAZINE, THOUGH IT'S SCOPE IS NARROW. WE LIVE IN A TIME OF NARROWNESS — NARROW POLITICIANS, NARROW ARTISTS, NARROW JOBS AND CAUSES, ETC. IF YOU WANT A MAG THAT REFLECTS ANXIETY, ALIENATION, CONFUSION, LACK OF PURPOSE, AND ASSININITY AMOUNG PEOPLE IN OUR SOCIETY, YOU'VE DONE IT... HERE IN BERKELEY I'VE SEEN LOTS OF "WEIRDOS". BUT A WEIRDO ISN'T NECESSARILY CREATIVE OR EVEN INTERESTING. CREATIVE PEOPLE DON'T HAVE TO BE WEIRDOS, THEY CAN BE SANE AND HEALTHY, SOME EXCEPTIONALLY SO... ONE THING THAT STRIKES ME ABOUT WEIRDO #8 IS HOW LITTLE IMAGINATION WENT INTO THE WORK. THESE CARTOONISTS FROM THE '60s OR SO ONWARD SET THEIR SIGHTS ALOT LOWER THAN THE ARTISTS BEFORE THEM... 6 PAGES OF THAT AWFUL "MARTINI BATON", PLUS 6 PAGES TO THAT LOUSY "DEPRESSED DORA"... DO YOU JUST WANT TO MAKE AN ARTIFACT? "UH, I DON'T KNOW. DUH." ARCADE SHOWED WHAT ASSHOLES ARTISTS CAN BE. WEIRDO SHOWS WHAT ASSHOLES PEOPLE CAN BE, A FAR MORE DIRECTLY HUMAN APPROACH.

IS THIS LETTER TOO SERIOUS FOR WEIRDO? OF COURSE IN THE '60s PEOPLE MADE FUN OF THE SAYING "DON'T ROCK THE BOAT."

— BRUCE N. DUNCAN
BERKELEY, CALIF.

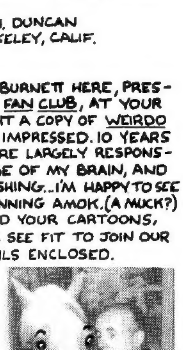
BOB CRUMB,

HI THERE. JAMES BURNETT HERE, PRESIDENT OF THE MR. ED FAN CLUB, AT YOUR SERVICE. JUST BOUGHT A COPY OF WEIRDO #3, AND BOY WAS I IMPRESSED. 10 YEARS AGO, ZAP COMICS WERE LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WARPAGE OF MY BRAIN, AND MY INTEREST IN PUBLISHING... I'M HAPPY TO SEE THAT YOU'RE STILL RUNNING AMOK. (A MUCK?)

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOUR CARTOONS, AND I HOPE YOU WILL SEE FIT TO JOIN OUR ORGANIZATION. DETAILS ENCLOSED.

PERHAPS YOU COULD WRITE ABOUT US IN YOUR MAGAZINE?

—BARNYARD REGARDS,
JAMES BURNETT
PUBLISHING MAGNATE.



*(—THIS GUY'S FOR REAL! IF YOU'D LIKE MORE INFORMATION AND A COPY OF THEIR PUBLICATION, WRITE: MR. ED FAN CLUB, P.O. BOX 1009, CEDAR HILL, TEXAS 75104.)*

WEIRDO #10-SUMMER, 1984. Published by LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES.

ROBERT,

GREETINGS FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND! I CAN IDENTIFY WITH YOUR MID-LIFE CRISIS CARTOON. I AM 40 NEXT JULY AND FIRST SAW YOUR WORK IN OZ MAGAZINE IN THE '60s. (I DON'T SAPPOSE YOU GOT PAID FOR IT, THEY PROBABLY PIRATED IT.)

....I AM A T.V. SERVICE ENGINEER AND ONE OF MY FANTASIES IS TO SEE AN R. CRUMB CARTOON OF SUCH A PERSON IN SOMEONE'S HOME, SIMULTANEOUSLY TRYING TO COME TO TERMS WITH THE MICROCHIP REVOLUTION, A T.V.-DEPRIVED CUSTOMER SUFFERING FROM WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS AND A DOG SEEMINGLY INTENT ON PLUNGING IT'S NOSE UP THE ARSE (ANGLO-SAXON FOR ASS) OF THE POOR T.V. MAN WHO IS BURNING HIMSELF WITH HIS SOLDERING-IRON WHILST BEING ELECTROCUTED.

KIND REGARDS FROM AN
AGING SCOTTISH HIPPY,
— DAVE HENNIKER

HEY, WHEN ARE Y'ALL GOING TO DO AN ESSAY ON **OFFICE POSTER ART**? YOU KNOW THE KIND: "HANG IN THERE BABY," "YOU WANT IT WHEN?!," "DO YOU MIND TAKING YOUR SILLY-ASSED PROBLEM DOWN THE HALL," AND "A ROUND TUIT?" ...IT WOULD BE THE LATEST CHAPTER IN FOLK HUMOR YOU INTRODUCED A FEW WEIRDOS AGO.

— SHARON SANDUSKY
EDEN PRAIRIE, MINN.

DEAR MR. CRUMB,

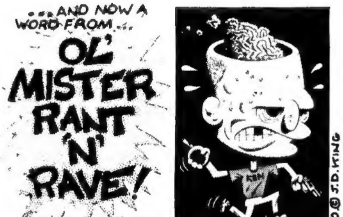
...FINDING WEIRDO WAS A **GODSEND!** A MAG THAT IS RELATIVELY FRESH, DONE IN THE '80s! THE GLIMPSES OF NEW-WAVE COMICS ARE MOUTH-WATERING, AND YOUR ALMOST NON-EDITORIAL APPROACH OF PUTTING ANYTHING IN THAT'S INTERESTING IS GREAT. **KEEP IT UP!!!**

...BUT SO MANY BAD CRITICS! WHY DON'T THE READERS LOOK AT THE STRIPS FROM THE ARTIST'S POINT OF VEIW? IT IS THEIR AIMS THAT ARE IMPORTANT, NOT OUR PREJUDICES. IF PEOPLE WERE MORE OPEN TO CONCEPTS THEY WOULD ENJOY IT MORE. SHIT, JOHN Q. PUBLIC TAKES ALL THAT ORTHODOX MASS-MEDIA CRAP WITHOUT A WHIMPER. I GUESS HE MUST BE A BETTER CLASS OF READER...

...THERE'S NOT MUCH COMIC ACTIVITY IN AUSTRALIA, BESIDES A ONE-ISSUE "TOTALLY INSANE CRIME" AND "UNCLE PETE'S CULTURE CORNER," OR WHATEVER SHOWS UP IN UNIVERSITY RAGS. SO **PUL-LEEEZE** KEEP THE ISSUES COMING OUT. TOO MANY GOOD MAGS GET AN EARLY GRAVE (ARCADE, COMIX BOOK...)

P.S.: I LOVE ALINE'S WORK. WHAT A BLESSING YOU TWO GOT HITCHED. THE TWO OF YOU MUST SIT AROUND AND SWAP NEUROSES.

— TIM DANKO,
BRUNSWICK, VICT., AUSTRALIA

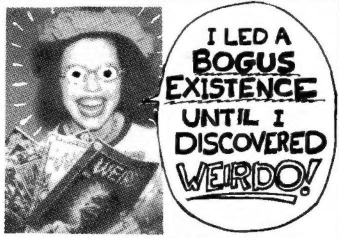

...AND NOW A WORD FROM...
OL' MISTER RANT 'N' RAVE!
ILLO © J.D. KING

**DO YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?**

I HATE PHONINESS! WHAT'S PHONINESS, YOU ASK? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S PHONINESS: T.V. COMMERCIALS THAT TELL YOU TO BUY JEANS JUST BECAUSE SOME SCRAWNY MINDLESS BRAT WHO'S OH-SO-CHIC PUTS THEM ON WITH A SHOE-HORN OR **MICHAEL JACKSON** OR **BOY GEORGE** WEARS THEM ON HIS LATEST VIDEO THAT COSTS A MILLION DOLLARS TO MAKE AND HALF OF THAT MONEY WENT TO COCAINE WHILE KIDS STARVE TO DEATH IN AFRICA BUT WHO GIVES A DAMN ABOUT THEM AND THE REST OF THE THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES THAT VOTE AGAINST US IN THE U.N. AND BOMB OUR EMBASSIES LIKE IT WAS GOING OUT OF STYLE OR JACK UP THE PRICE OF HEATING OIL SO POOR FOLKS IN THIS COUNTRY FREEZE TO DEATH BECAUSE THEY CAN'T AFFORD IT BUT I DON'T GIVE TWO HOOTS FOR THEM BECAUSE MOST OF THEM ARE WELFARE CHEATS OR COLLECT SOCIAL SECURITY WHICH COMES OUT OF MY PAYCHECK EVERY WEEK ALONG WITH TAX HIKES TO PAY FOR THE FAT POLITICIANS AND THE DO-NOTHING BUREAUCRATS WHO JUST SIT AROUND AND DRINK LITE-BEER AND LISTEN TO LITE-MUSIC AND EAT LITE-FOOD FROM WEIGHT-WATCHERS AND THEN GO OUT AND EAT GOURMET ICE-CREAM WITH FANCY FRENCH NAMES THAT WERE MASS PRODUCED IN NEW JERSEY USING TOXIC CHEMICALS FOR PRESERVITIVES AND THEN THEY THROW AWAY THE EMPTY CARTONS INTO THE STREET SO IT HAS TO BE CLEANED UP BY GARBAGE MEN—OH, EXCUSE ME, "SANITATION ENGINEERS" —WHO **BLEED** THE TAXPAYERS WITH THEIR **INFLATED SALARIES** SO THEY CAN BUY COMPUTERS FOR THEIR OBNOXIOUS KIDS WHO WEAR **ADIDAS** AND HAVE BOWL-CUT LITTLE **LORD FAUNTLEROY HAIRCUTS**, WHO WATCH **MTV** AND PLAY **VIDEO GAMES** AND GROW UP TO HAVE **NOISY PARTIES** THAT KEEP ME **UP ALL NIGHT** UNTIL I **CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE** AND I WANT TO **SHOOT THEM** OR **CLUB THEM TO DEATH** AND **THROW THEIR FILTHY CARCASS** IN THE **SEWER** BECAUSE **I HATE 'EM! I HATE 'EM!! I HATE 'EM!!!**

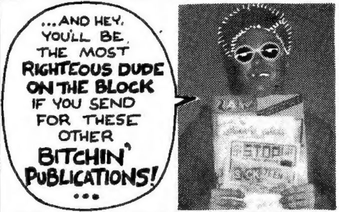
...THANK YOU AND HAVE A NICE DAY.

*— THANKS TO POWELL BURNS AND HIS "ASSISTANTS" FOR THEIR HELP AND COOPERATION. —P.B.*


I LED A BOGUS EXISTENCE UNTIL I DISCOVERED WEIRDO!

**BUY EVERY ISSUE OF WEIRDO AND LIVE!!**

ISSUES 1,2,3,4: $2.25 EACH.
ISSUES 5,6,7,8,9,10: $2.50 EACH.
(INCLUDE $1.50 FOR POSTAGE WITH YOUR ORDER)
SEND TO: LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
2180 BRYANT ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94110

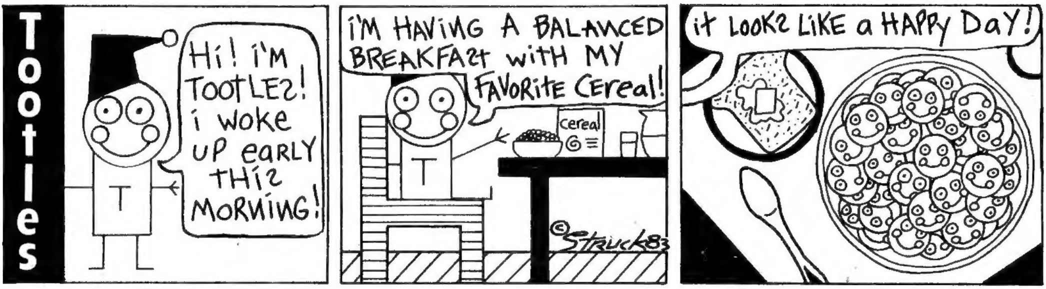

...AND HEY, YOU'LL BE THE MOST RIGHTEOUS DUDE ON THE BLOCK IF YOU SEND FOR THESE OTHER BITCHIN' PUBLICATIONS! •••
STOP

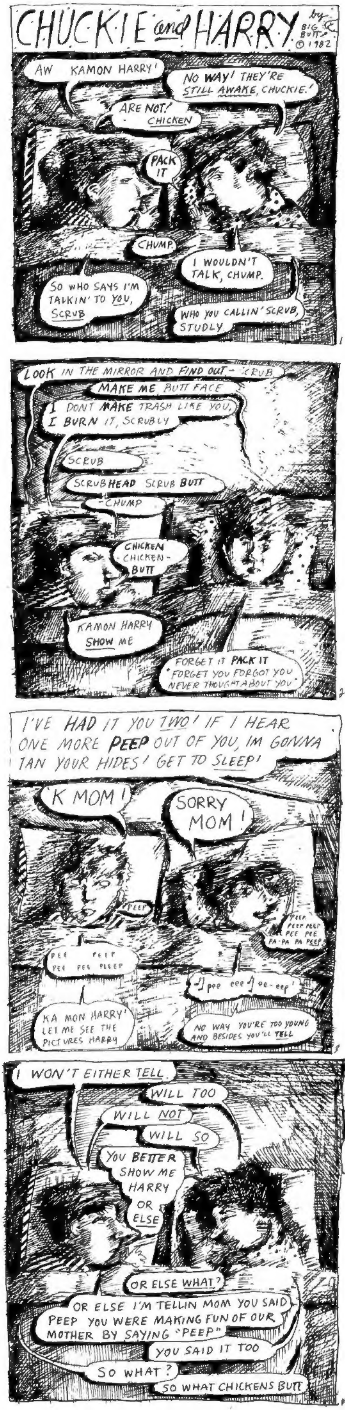
- ESCAPE—*BRITISH COMIC MAGAZINE FEATURING H. EMERSON, S. PENCIL, C. LONG, OTHERS. ALSO PACKED W/COMIC INFO + INTERVIEWS W/ARTISTS. ATTRACTIVE FORMAT. SEND $4.95 TO: ESCAPE, 156 MUNSTER RD. FULHAM SW6 5RA. ENGLAND.*
- SICK TEEN—*INSANE LITTLE FANZINE THAT COVERS THE NORTH WISCONSIN PUNK SCENE. EDITED BY NUT-BOY REV. NORBERT UGLY. HYSTERICAL! SEND 74¢ TO: SICK TEEN GLOBAL HEADQUARTERS, 708 SAINT JOSEPH ST. GREEN BAY, WI. 54302.*

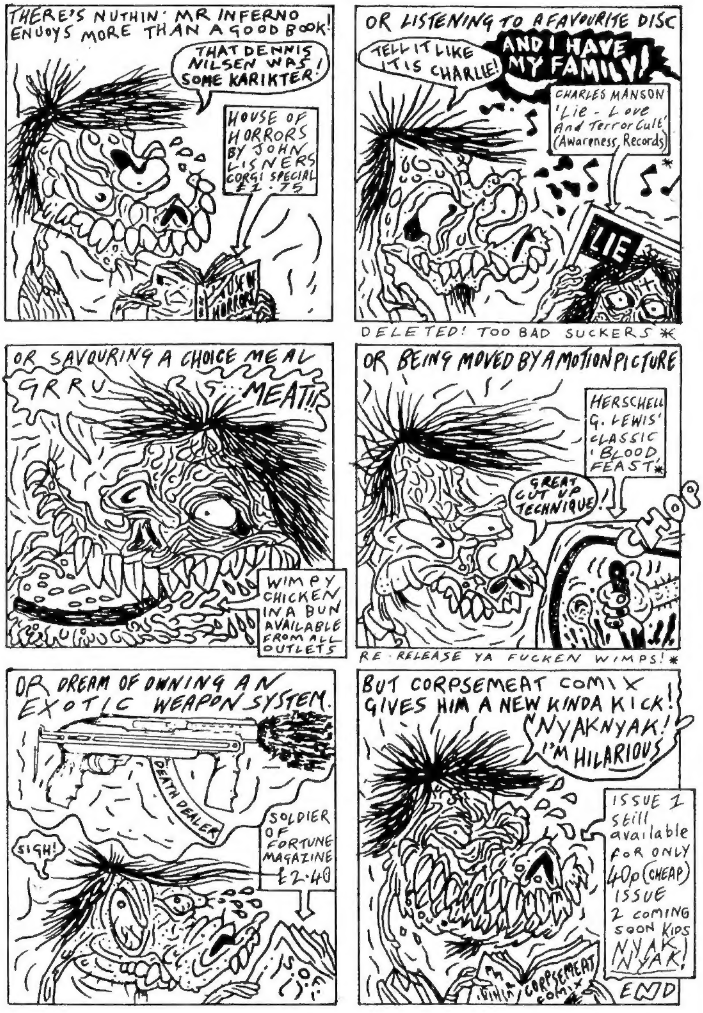
*—AND PICK UP THE LATEST ISSUES OF...*

- TUBER'S VOICE—*THE COUCH POTATO NEWSLETTER. 7 ISSUES STRONG AND BETTER THAN EVER! A MUST FOR ALL T.V. FREAKS—SUBSCRIPTION (4 ISSUES) $6.00 RTE. 1, BOX 327, DIXON, CA 95620.*
- TWISTED IMAGE—*#6, THE SPECIAL COMIX ART ISSUE, FEAT. AN INTERVIEW W/ CHARLES M. SHULTZ! $1.00 TO 2501 HASTE ST. BERKELEY, CA 94704.*
- STOP—*#8, NEW "SLICK" FORMAT BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER! TOP-RATE ENTERTAINMENT. FOR ONLY $1.95 BOX 529, N.Y., N.Y., 10113.*
- RAW *#6 - A WOPPING 76 PAGES, FEATURING COMICS BY 'WEIRDO' CONTRIBUTORS KAZ + D. FRIEDMAN PLUS MANY OTHER TOP-NOTCH ARTISTS. BEAUTIFUL FORMAT, AS ALWAYS—$6.00 27 GREENE ST. N.Y., N.Y., 10013.*

*— LOOK FOR MORE EXTENSIVE LISTINGS OF WORTHWHILE PUBLICATIONS IN FUTURE WEIRDOS! SEND IN YOUR PUBLICATION!*


Tootles
Hi! i'M TOOTLE?! i woke UP early THI? MORNiNG!
T
i'M HAViNG A BALANCED BREAKFA?t with MY FAVoRite Cereal!
Cereal
©Struck83
it LOOK? LiKE a HAPPy DaY!


CHUCKIE and HARRY by BIG BUTTS © 1982
AW KAMON HARRY!
NO WAY! THEY'RE STILL AWAKE, CHUCKIE!
ARE NOT! CHICKEN
PACK IT
CHUMP.
I WOULDN'T TALK, CHUMP.
SO WHO SAYS I'M TALKIN' TO YOU, SCRUB
WHO YOU CALLIN' SCRUB, STUDLY
1
LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND FIND OUT - SCRUB
MAKE ME BUTT FACE
I DONT MAKE TRASH LIKE YOU, I BURN IT, SCRUBLY
SCRUB
SCRUBHEAD SCRUB BUTT
CHUMP
CHICKEN CHICKEN-BUTT
KAMON HARRY SHOW ME
FORGET IT PACK IT "FORGET YOU FORGOT YOU NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT YOU"
2
I'VE HAD IT YOU TWO! IF I HEAR ONE MORE PEEP OUT OF YOU, IM GONNA TAN YOUR HIDES! GET TO SLEEP!
'K MOM!
SORRY MOM!
PEEP
PEEP PEEP PEEP PEE PEE PA-PA PA PEEP
PEE PEEP PEE PEE PEEP
pee eee ee-eep!
KA MON HARRY! LET ME SEE THE PICTURES HARRY
NO WAY YOU'RE TOO YOUNG AND BESIDES YOU'LL TELL
3
I WON'T EITHER TELL
WILL TOO
WILL NOT
WILL SO
YOU BETTER SHOW ME HARRY OR ELSE
OR ELSE WHAT?
OR ELSE I'M TELLIN MOM YOU SAID PEEP YOU WERE MAKING FUN OF OUR MOTHER BY SAYING "PEEP"
YOU SAID IT TOO
SO WHAT?
SO WHAT CHICKENS BUTT
end


THERE'S NUTHIN' MR INFERNO ENJOYS MORE THAN A GOOD BOOK!
THAT DENNIS NILSEN WAS! SOME KARIKTER
HOUSE OF HORRORS BY JOHN LISNERS CORGI SPECIAL £1.75
OR LISTENING TO A FAVOURITE DISC
TELL IT LIKE IT IS CHARLIE!
AND I HAVE MY FAMILY!
CHARLES MANSON 'Lie - Love And Terror Cult' (Awareness Records)*
LIE
DELETED! TOO BAD SUCKERS*
OR SAVOURING A CHOICE MEAL
GRRU... MEAT!!
WIMPY CHICKEN IN A BUN AVAILABLE FROM ALL OUTLETS
OR BEING MOVED BY A MOTION PICTURE
HERSCHELL G. LEWIS' CLASSIC 'BLOOD FEAST'*
GREAT CUT UP TECHNIQUE!
CHOP
RE-RELEASE YA FUCKEN WIMPS!*
OR DREAM OF OWNING AN EXOTIC WEAPON SYSTEM.
DEATH DEALER
SOLDIER OF FORTUNE MAGAZINE £2.40
SIGH!
S.O.F.
BUT CORPSEMEAT COMIX GIVES HIM A NEW KINDA KICK!
NYAKNYAK! I'M HILARIOUS
ISSUE 1 still available for ONLY 40p (CHEAP) ISSUE 2 coming soon KIDS NYAK! NYAK!
CORPSEMEAT COMIX
END

## MORE PLUGS

←LYNDA BARRY HAS TWO BOOKS OUT: "GIRLS AND BOYS" AND "BIG IDEAS", BOTH PUBLISHED BY THE REAL COMET PRESS (932-18th AVE. EAST, SEATTLE, WA. 98112) AND BOTH ARE FUNNY AS ALL FRIGGIN' HELL SO BUY THEM!!! (send $ 3.95 + $1.00 postage)

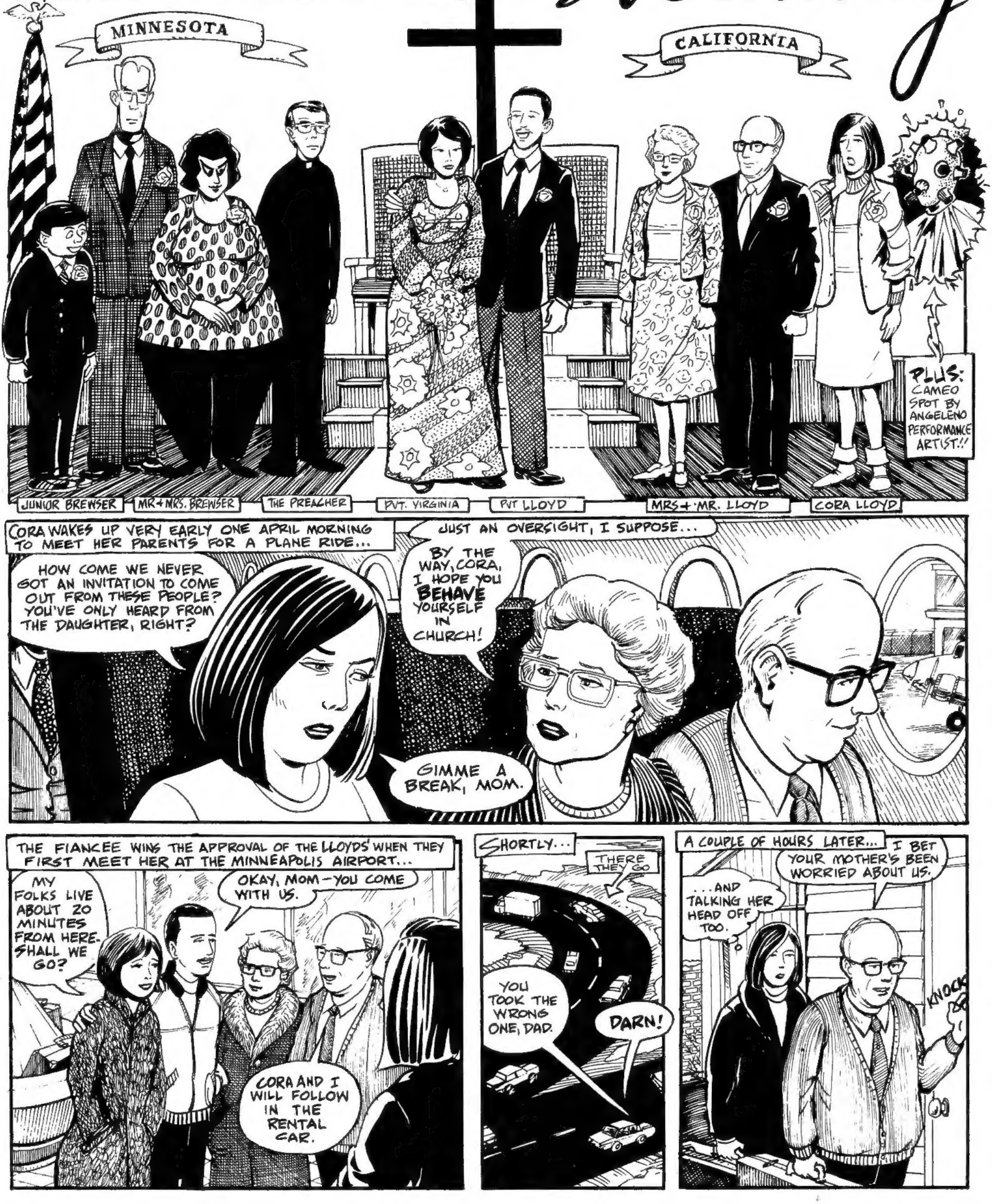
## MORE PLUGS

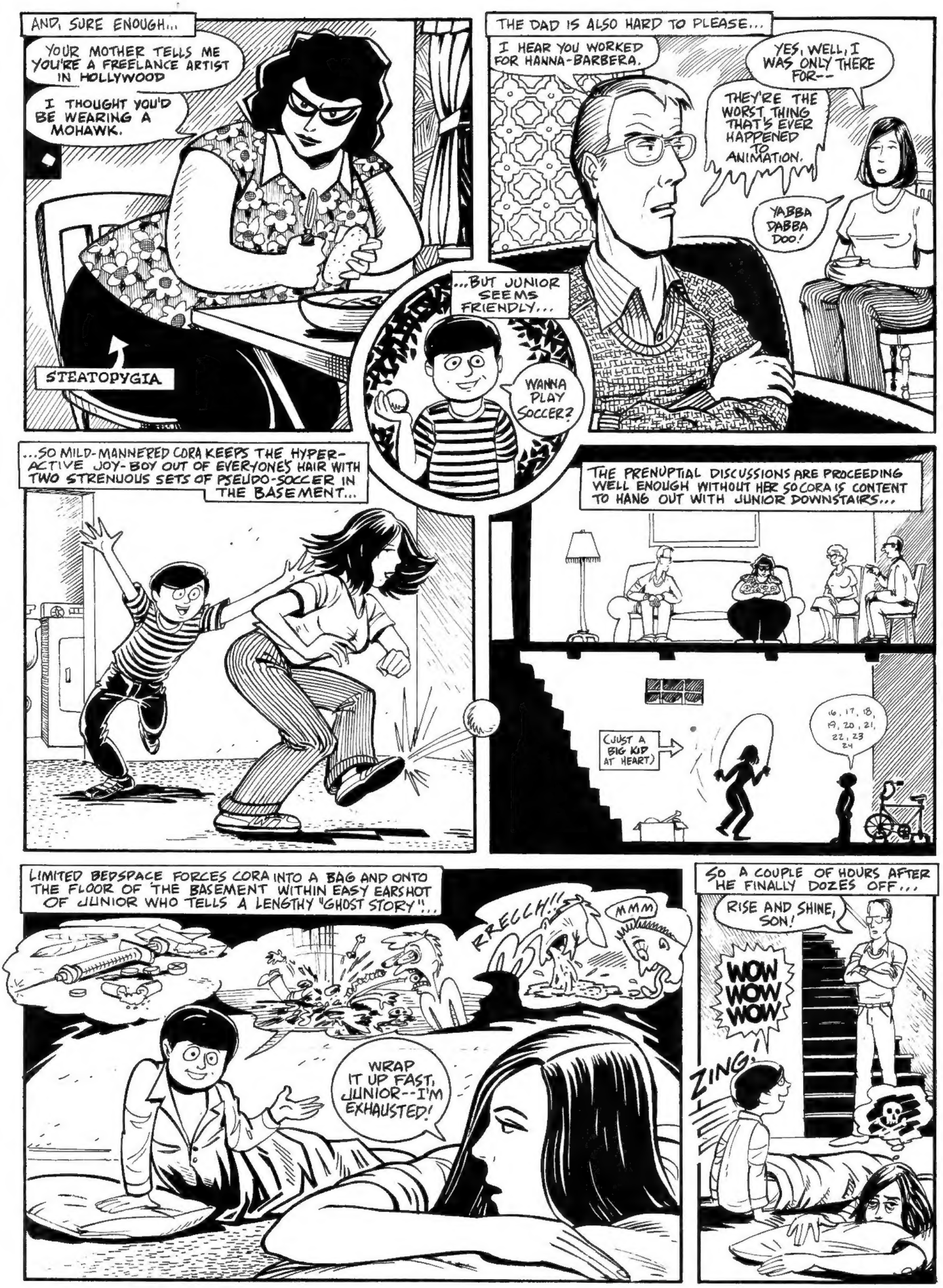
↑SAVAGE PENCIL HAS PUT OUT SEVERAL ISSUES OF HIS OWN OUTRAGEOUS XEROXED COMIC BOOK ENTITLED "CORPSE-MEAT COMIX" (14c RASTELL AVE., SW2 4XP, LONDON, ENGLAND) ALSO LOOK FOR MR. PENCIL'S WORK IN THE NEXT WEIRDO! (send $ 3.00, postage incl.)

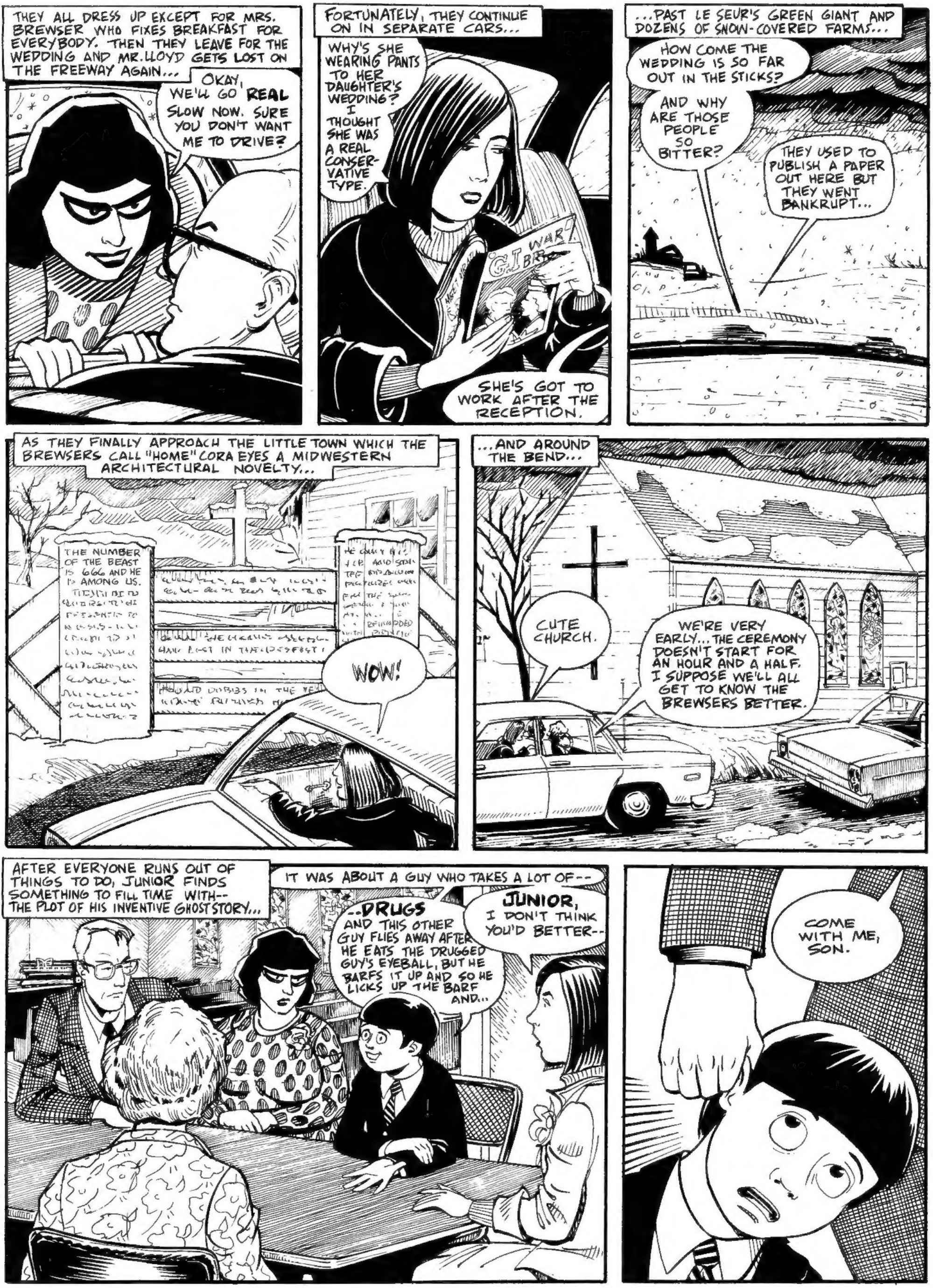
WHEN **CORA LLOYD'S** LITTLE BROTHER DECIDES TO MARRY THE SWEETHEART HE MET IN BOOT CAMP, SHE AND HER PARENTS FLY FROM SUNNY CALIFORNIA TO FROSTY MINNESOTA FOR A...

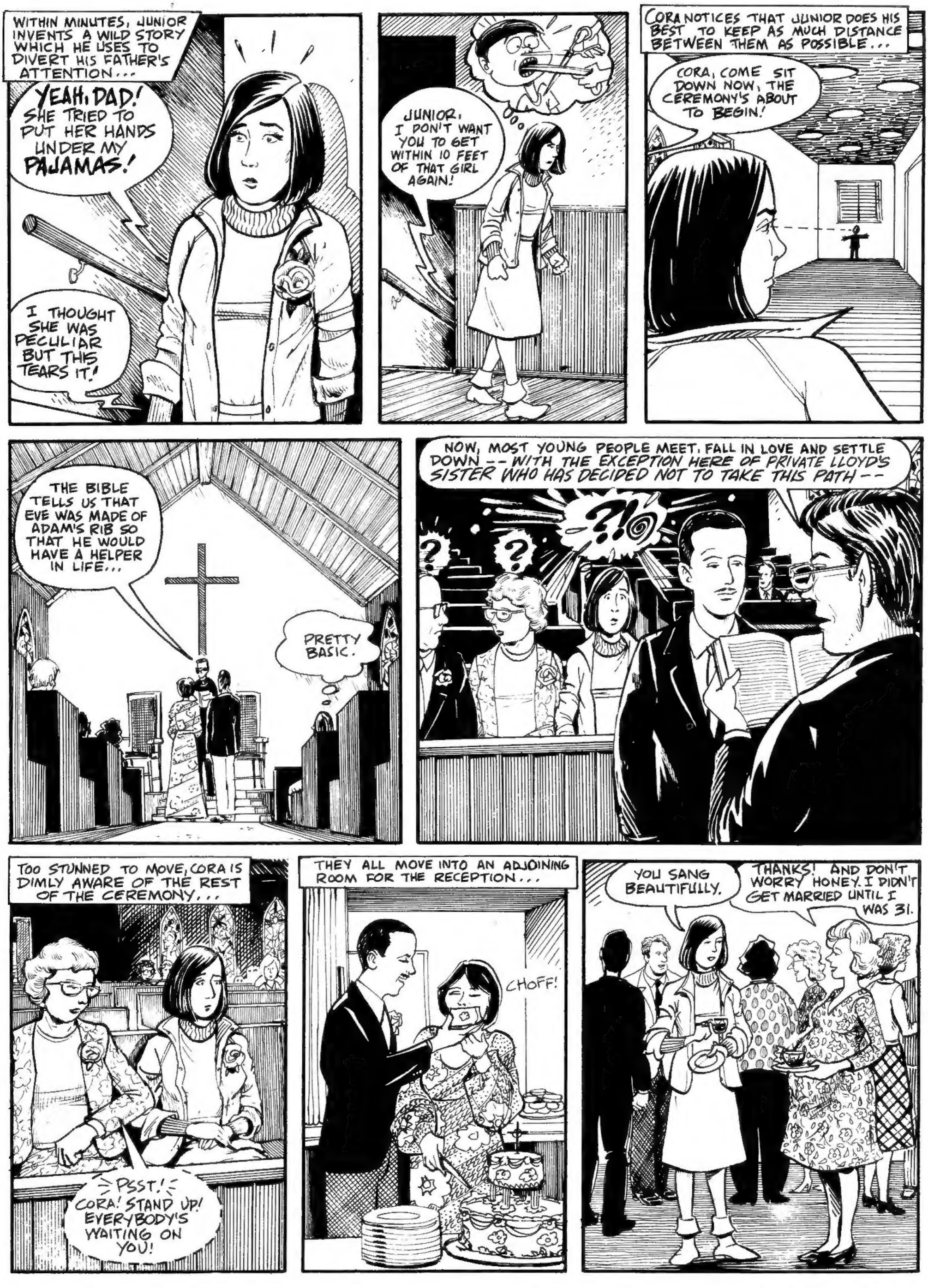
# MIDWESTERN *Wedding*

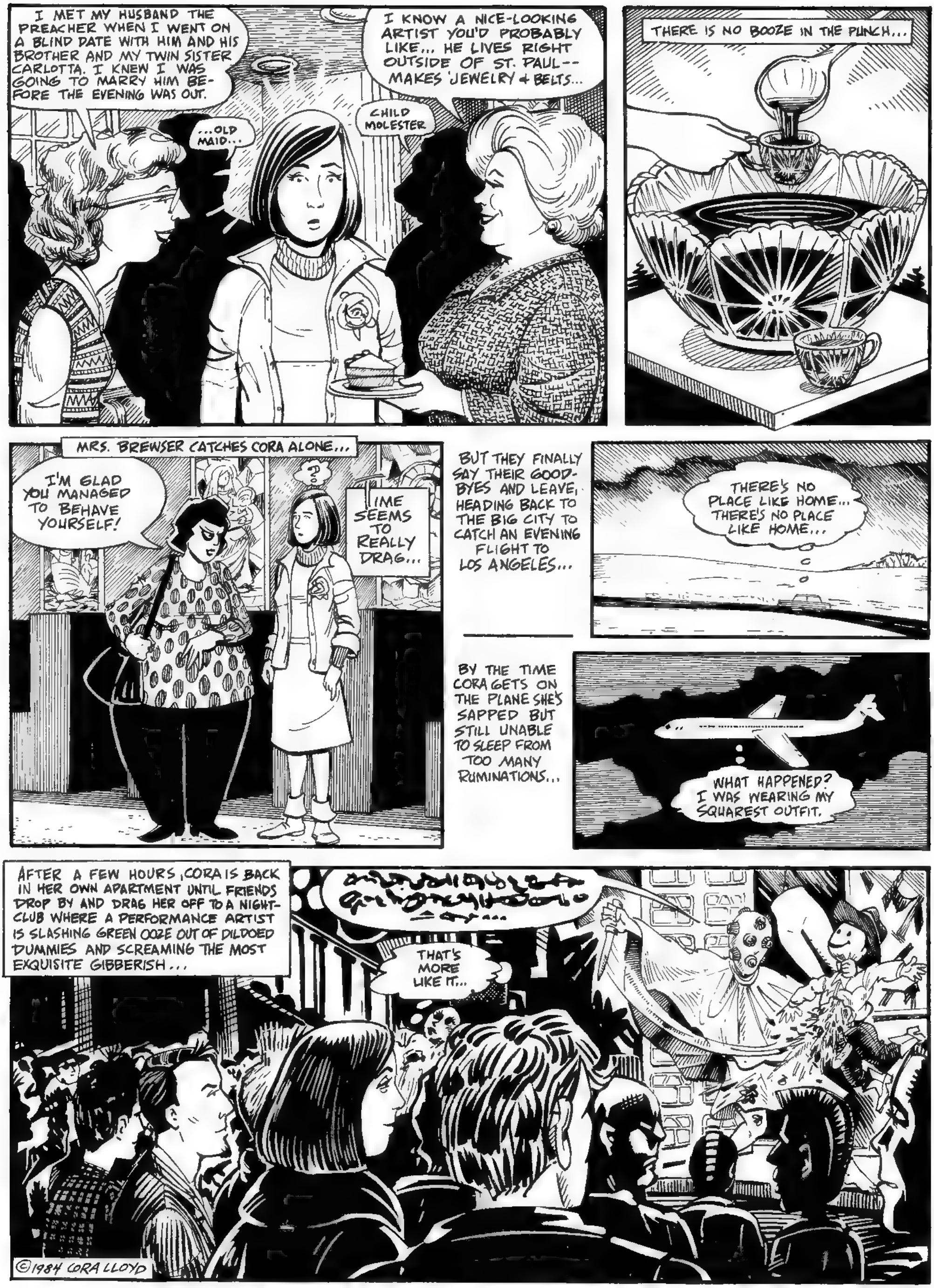
ALMOST ENTIRELY TRUE!


MINNESOTA
CALIFORNIA
PLUS: CAMEO SPOT BY ANGELENO PERFORMANCE ARTIST!!
JUNIOR BREWSER
MR + MRS. BREWSER
THE PREACHER
PVT. VIRGINIA
PVT LLOYD
MRS + MR. LLOYD
CORA LLOYD
CORA WAKES UP VERY EARLY ONE APRIL MORNING TO MEET HER PARENTS FOR A PLANE RIDE...
HOW COME WE NEVER GOT AN INVITATION TO COME OUT FROM THESE PEOPLE? YOU'VE ONLY HEARD FROM THE DAUGHTER, RIGHT?
JUST AN OVERSIGHT, I SUPPOSE...
BY THE WAY, CORA, I HOPE YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF IN CHURCH!
GIMME A BREAK, MOM.
THE FIANCEE WINS THE APPROVAL OF THE LLOYDS' WHEN THEY FIRST MEET HER AT THE MINNEAPOLIS AIRPORT...
MY FOLKS LIVE ABOUT 20 MINUTES FROM HERE. SHALL WE GO?
OKAY, MOM — YOU COME WITH US.
CORA AND I WILL FOLLOW IN THE RENTAL CAR.
SHORTLY...
THERE THEY GO
YOU TOOK THE WRONG ONE, DAD.
DARN!
A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...
I BET YOUR MOTHER'S BEEN WORRIED ABOUT US.
...AND TALKING HER HEAD OFF TOO.
KNOCK


AND, SURE ENOUGH...
YOUR MOTHER TELLS ME YOU'RE A FREELANCE ARTIST IN HOLLYWOOD
I THOUGHT YOU'D BE WEARING A MOHAWK.
STEATOPYGIA
THE DAD IS ALSO HARD TO PLEASE...
I HEAR YOU WORKED FOR HANNA-BARBERA.
YES, WELL, I WAS ONLY THERE FOR--
THEY'RE THE WORST THING THAT'S EVER HAPPENED TO ANIMATION.
YABBA DABBA DOO!
...BUT JUNIOR SEEMS FRIENDLY...
WANNA PLAY SOCCER?
...SO MILD-MANNERED CORA KEEPS THE HYPER-ACTIVE JOY-BOY OUT OF EVERYONE'S HAIR WITH TWO STRENUOUS SETS OF PSEUDO-SOCCER IN THE BASEMENT...
THE PRENUPTIAL DISCUSSIONS ARE PROCEEDING WELL ENOUGH WITHOUT HER SO CORA IS CONTENT TO HANG OUT WITH JUNIOR DOWNSTAIRS...
(JUST A BIG KID AT HEART)
16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23 24
LIMITED BEDSPACE FORCES CORA INTO A BAG AND ONTO THE FLOOR OF THE BASEMENT WITHIN EASY EARSHOT OF JUNIOR WHO TELLS A LENGTHY "GHOST STORY"...
RRECCH!!
MMM
WRAP IT UP FAST, JUNIOR--I'M EXHAUSTED!
SO A COUPLE OF HOURS AFTER HE FINALLY DOZES OFF...
RISE AND SHINE, SON!
WOW WOW WOW
ZING!


THEY ALL DRESS UP EXCEPT FOR MRS. BREWSER WHO FIXES BREAKFAST FOR EVERYBODY. THEN THEY LEAVE FOR THE WEDDING AND MR. LLOYD GETS LOST ON THE FREEWAY AGAIN...
OKAY, WE'LL GO **REAL** SLOW NOW. SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO DRIVE?
FORTUNATELY, THEY CONTINUE ON IN SEPARATE CARS...
WHY'S SHE WEARING PANTS TO HER DAUGHTER'S WEDDING? I THOUGHT SHE WAS A REAL CONSERVATIVE TYPE.
G.I. WAR BR
SHE'S GOT TO WORK AFTER THE RECEPTION.
...PAST LE SEUR'S GREEN GIANT AND DOZENS OF SNOW-COVERED FARMS...
HOW COME THE WEDDING IS SO FAR OUT IN THE STICKS?
AND WHY ARE THOSE PEOPLE SO BITTER?
THEY USED TO PUBLISH A PAPER OUT HERE BUT THEY WENT BANKRUPT...
AS THEY FINALLY APPROACH THE LITTLE TOWN WHICH THE BREWSERS CALL "HOME" CORA EYES A MIDWESTERN ARCHITECTURAL NOVELTY...
THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST IS 666 AND HE IS AMONG US.
WOW!
...AND AROUND THE BEND...
CUTE CHURCH.
WE'RE VERY EARLY... THE CEREMONY DOESN'T START FOR AN HOUR AND A HALF. I SUPPOSE WE'LL ALL GET TO KNOW THE BREWSERS BETTER.
AFTER EVERYONE RUNS OUT OF THINGS TO DO, JUNIOR FINDS SOMETHING TO FILL TIME WITH-- THE PLOT OF HIS INVENTIVE GHOST STORY...
IT WAS ABOUT A GUY WHO TAKES A LOT OF--
--**DRUGS** AND THIS OTHER GUY FLIES AWAY AFTER HE EATS THE DRUGGED GUY'S EYEBALL, BUT HE BARFS IT UP AND SO HE LICKS UP THE BARF AND...
**JUNIOR**, I DON'T THINK YOU'D BETTER--
COME WITH ME, SON.

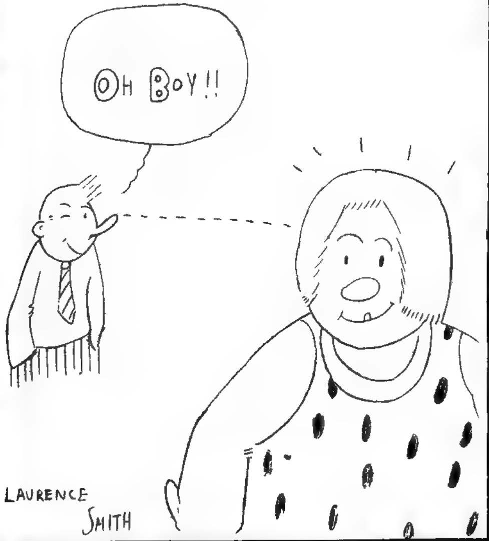

WITHIN MINUTES, JUNIOR INVENTS A WILD STORY WHICH HE USES TO DIVERT HIS FATHER'S ATTENTION...
YEAH, DAD! SHE TRIED TO PUT HER HANDS UNDER MY PAJAMAS!
I THOUGHT SHE WAS PECULIAR BUT THIS TEARS IT!
JUNIOR, I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET WITHIN 10 FEET OF THAT GIRL AGAIN!
CORA NOTICES THAT JUNIOR DOES HIS BEST TO KEEP AS MUCH DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM AS POSSIBLE...
CORA, COME SIT DOWN NOW, THE CEREMONY'S ABOUT TO BEGIN!
THE BIBLE TELLS US THAT EVE WAS MADE OF ADAM'S RIB SO THAT HE WOULD HAVE A HELPER IN LIFE...
PRETTY BASIC.
NOW, MOST YOUNG PEOPLE MEET, FALL IN LOVE AND SETTLE DOWN -- WITH THE EXCEPTION HERE OF PRIVATE LLOYD'S SISTER WHO HAS DECIDED NOT TO TAKE THIS PATH --
?
?
?!
TOO STUNNED TO MOVE, CORA IS DIMLY AWARE OF THE REST OF THE CEREMONY...
PSST! CORA! STAND UP! EVERYBODY'S WAITING ON YOU!
THEY ALL MOVE INTO AN ADJOINING ROOM FOR THE RECEPTION...
CHOFF!
YOU SANG BEAUTIFULLY.
THANKS! AND DON'T WORRY HONEY. I DIDN'T GET MARRIED UNTIL I WAS 31.


I MET MY HUSBAND THE PREACHER WHEN I WENT ON A BLIND DATE WITH HIM AND HIS BROTHER AND MY TWIN SISTER CARLOTTA. I KNEW I WAS GOING TO MARRY HIM BEFORE THE EVENING WAS OUT.
...OLD MAID...
CHILD MOLESTER
I KNOW A NICE-LOOKING ARTIST YOU'D PROBABLY LIKE... HE LIVES RIGHT OUTSIDE OF ST. PAUL-- MAKES JEWELRY & BELTS...
THERE IS NO BOOZE IN THE PUNCH...
MRS. BREWSER CATCHES CORA ALONE...
I'M GLAD YOU MANAGED TO BEHAVE YOURSELF!
?
TIME SEEMS TO REALLY DRAG...
BUT THEY FINALLY SAY THEIR GOOD-BYES AND LEAVE, HEADING BACK TO THE BIG CITY TO CATCH AN EVENING FLIGHT TO LOS ANGELES...
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME... THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME...
BY THE TIME CORA GETS ON THE PLANE SHE'S SAPPED BUT STILL UNABLE TO SLEEP FROM TOO MANY RUMINATIONS...
WHAT HAPPENED? I WAS WEARING MY SQUAREST OUTFIT.
AFTER A FEW HOURS, CORA IS BACK IN HER OWN APARTMENT UNTIL FRIENDS DROP BY AND DRAG HER OFF TO A NIGHT-CLUB WHERE A PERFORMANCE ARTIST IS SLASHING GREEN OOZE OUT OF DILDOED DUMMIES AND SCREAMING THE MOST EXQUISITE GIBBERISH...
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT...
©1984 CORA LLOYD

THIS IS THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF A HUMOR MAGAZINE PUT OUT BY THREE CRAZY KIDS FROM DALLAS, TEXAS IN THE EARLY 1930'S

# THE PEANUT VENDER

NO 1 10 CENTS



THE PEANUT VENDOR is published at P.O.Box 65, Dallas,Texas.

Harold Smith............EDITOR
Charles Hill..BUSINESS MANAGER
Laurence Smith.... ART EDITOR

*******

Advertising rate: 35¢ column in.

?
THE EDITOR SEZ-

HELLO, EVERYBODY!

Well, this is the first issue of THE PEANUT VENDER. If you like it drop us a note and we might put put another, as this is not a monthly magazine. In case you do write us a letter address it to Santa Clause and drop it in the first garbage can you pass, or in care of the station to which you are listening. By the way, if you can draw send in a couple of cartoons and a dime for the next issue. If you can not draw cartoons a couple of dirty jokes will do just as good.

I'd better sign off,now,because talk is cheap, that is,until it gets into love letters.

Aw nerts!

HORSEFEATHERS

## BRIGHT SAYINGS OF GROWN UPS

The Peanut Vender will not pay $5 a piece for Bright Sayings of Grownups because our editor writes them all.

Mr. Jack Welch,age three, was asked to use the word PENCIL in a sentence: "If my suspenders break my PENCIL fall down!" At which everybody roared with laughter.

Opal Welch, aged 62,formally negro washwoman and beauty contest winner, was asked to make a speech before the DUCKY WUCKY*club. She spit on the floor and said,in clear broken English: "An example of wasted energy is to tell a hair raising story to a bald headed man." Everybody did not roar with laughter.

Twas the night before payday, and
all through my jeans,
I hunted in vain for the ways and
the means.
Not a quarter was stirring,not
even a jit,
The kale was off duty and the
greenbacks had quit.
Forward,turn forward,Oh,time in
thy flight,
And make it tomorrow,just for
tonight.

AW NERTS!

"That horse knows as much as I do."
"Well,don't tell anybody. You may want to sell him some day."

###

I wouldn't care to have teeth like the stars CAUSE THE STARS COME OUT AT NIGHT.

CH

# NOTICE.

THIS IS YOUR MAGAZINE, THAT IS, IT'S YOURS IF YOU PAY A DIME FOR THE MAGAZINE,AND VICE VERSE.

IF YOU KNOW ANY SEWER JOKES OR CAN WRITE SOME DISCONTINUED STORIES DON'T SEND THEM TO US BECAUSE WE DON'T WANT YOUR JUNK AND VICE VERSE.

BY THE WAY,THIS MAGAZINE WOULD MAKE A GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR SOMEONE,FOR INSTANCE ;SEND IT TO YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW OR SOMEONE ELSE YOU DON'T LIKE.

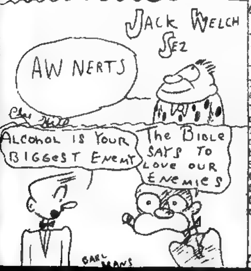
AW NERTS!

## SHORT SHORT VERSE

Whiskey makes me frisky.

For the love of Mike!
Lucky Strike.

H.L. Mencken
Talks without thencken.


JACK WELCH SEZ
AW NERTS
Chas Hill
ALCOHOL IS YOUR BIGGEST ENEMY
The BIBLE SAYS TO LOVE OUR ENEMIES
CARL MANS

# BOLONEY APTS

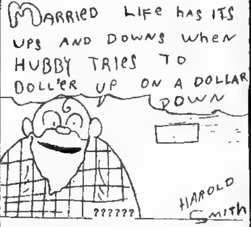
ON THE WEST RIVER. A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE AND FOIST AVENYA.

TABLOID BUNK
LOVE NEST

AUTOMATIC ELEVATOR ...IN A DOOR BEDS..OUT OF DOORS HEAT..DEAF AND DUMB JANITORS.

VOL. 131313

If a man answers --hang up!


MARRIED LIFE HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS WHEN HUBBY TRIES TO DOLL'ER UP ON A DOLLAR DOWN
??????
HAROLD SMITH

Years ago I married a widow who had a grown up daughter. My father visited us often ,fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. Thus he became my son-in-law,and my step-daughter became my mother, because she was my father's wife. Soon after this my wife gave birth to a son,which,of course,was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife also became the mother of a son. He was of course my brother, and also my grandchild,and also my grandchild for he was the son of my daughter.

## MARRIAGE MESS
(continued from page three)

Accordingly my wife was my grandmother,because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time, and,as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I became my own grandfather!!!!!!!

## WILD RUMORS
by
Neil Branflakes
(He suffers from rumortism)

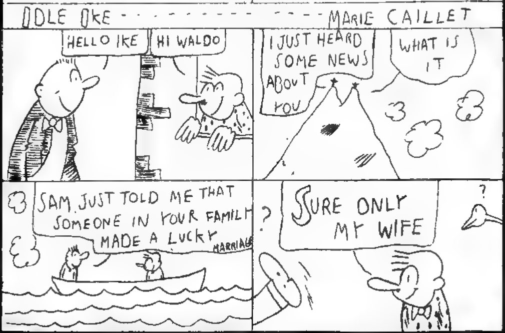
So many wild rumors concerning the PEANUT VENDER have been wafted about the craposphere,we feel it is oub duty to set the minds of our fifteen million readers at rest Below you will find a list of All rumors as received by our EDITORS.

1. It is bruited about (the brutes) that THE PEANUT VENDER is backed by the Sovit government in an attempt to undermine American institutions. IT'S A LIE! IF YOU DON'T LIKE THIS COUNTRY GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

2. It is reported that THE PEANUT VENDER has a circulation of ten million,five million, ten thousand or four hundred. If you don't like this magazine, go back to the Child's Life!

3. It is rumored that the editor is an ex-convict,a dope fiend, Al Capone's fatner,Rudy Vallee,the seven Boswell twisters and Louie Armstrong in disguise. IT'S A LIE! IF YOU DON'T LIKE THIS COLUMN TURN OVER.

4. It is whispered about that the next issue of THE PEANUT VENDER will be supressed! WE HOPE IT'S NOT A LIE! AW,HEN FRUIT!


IDLE IKE
MARIE CAILLET
HELLO IKE
HI WALDO
I JUST HEARD SOME NEWS ABOUT YOU
WHAT IS IT
SAM JUST TOLD ME THAT SOMEONE IN YOUR FAMILY MADE A LUCKY MARRIAGE
?
SURE ONLY MY WIFE
?

THANKS TO MARK NEWGARDEN

Ruidoso,N.M. -- Ermit Belch, vetern employe of the Ruidoso Trust Company, was discharged today by vote of the Board of Directors of the institution. For more decade, Belch had been a familiar figure in the trust company offices,where he was employed as a hemmer and hawer. Reports reaching the directorate showed that during the past several months Belch's hemming had been unsatisfactory, while his hawing had fallen off to almost nothing.

Americans used to stand up for their rights and now they stand in line for them.

## MUTT SEZ!!

Jack Welch is taking drawing lessons---he's learning to milk a cow.

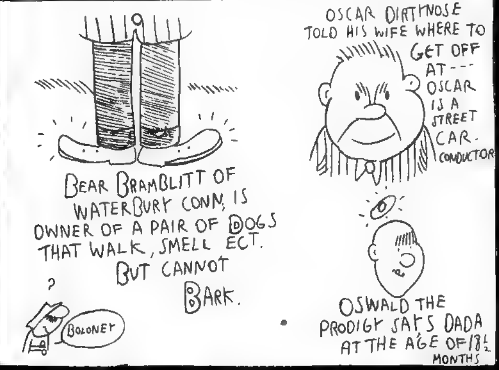
MY GAL AIN'T A WASHWOMAN'S DAUGHTER BUT SHE'S GOT A LOT OF OF 'EM HUNG OUT WITH HER LINE.

My sweetie pitches for the girl's ball team, and boy---what curves!

IF FEBRUARY DON'T MARCH APRIL MAY!

Girls,take my advice, if you don't want sore lips keep the chaps away.

## BELIEVE IT OR ROT ---------------------------- BY CHARLIE CADET


BEAR BRAMBLITT OF WATERBURY CONN, IS OWNER OF A PAIR OF DOGS THAT WALK, SMELL ECT. BUT CANNOT BARK.
?
BOLONEY
OSCAR DIRTYNOSE TOLD HIS WIFE WHERE TO GET OFF AT--- OSCAR IS A STREET CAR CONDUCTOR
OSWALD THE PRODIGY SAYS DADA AT THE AGE OF 18½ MONTHS

## JOKES. BY CHARLES HILL

ZIG- Do you give your dog any exercise?

ZAG- Yes,he goes for a tramp every day.

********

ZIG- Do you give your dog any exercise?

ZAG- Yes,he goes for a tramp every day.

********

ZIG- Do you give your dog any exercise?

ZAG- Yes,he goes for a tramp every day,

********

ZIG- Do you give your dog any exercise?

Zag: Yes,he goes for a tramp every day.

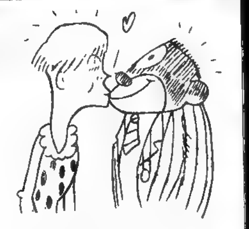
********

ZIG:-Do you give your dog any exercise?

Zag- Yes,he goes for a tramp every day.

********

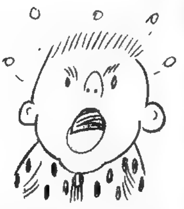
Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha hohohohohohohohohohohohohohohohoho hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha



She: SHALL I CHECK THE TIRES?

He: NO, JUST LEAVE THEM ON THE CAR.

## CHARACTOR CLOSEUPS—

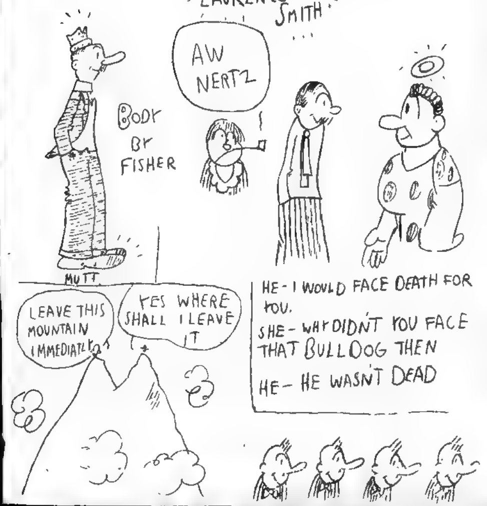


THIS TYPE OF FACE DENOTES FRIGHT-

BELIEVE IT OR ROT

# SILLY SIDELIGHTS.

BY.. LAURENCE SMITH


AW NERTZ
BODY BY FISHER
MUTT
LEAVE THIS MOUNTAIN IMMEDIATLY
YES WHERE SHALL I LEAVE IT
HE- I WOULD FACE DEATH FOR YOU.
SHE- WHY DIDN'T YOU FACE THAT BULLDOG THEN
HE- HE WASN'T DEAD

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R.2 Philip S.Dakota

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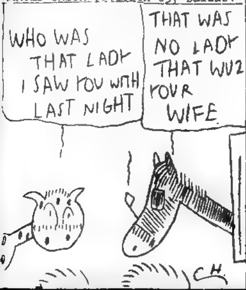
WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT
THAT WAS NO LADY THAT WUZ YOUR WIFE
CH

THE NEW ENGLAND COURIER

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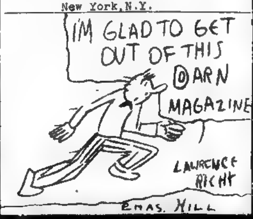
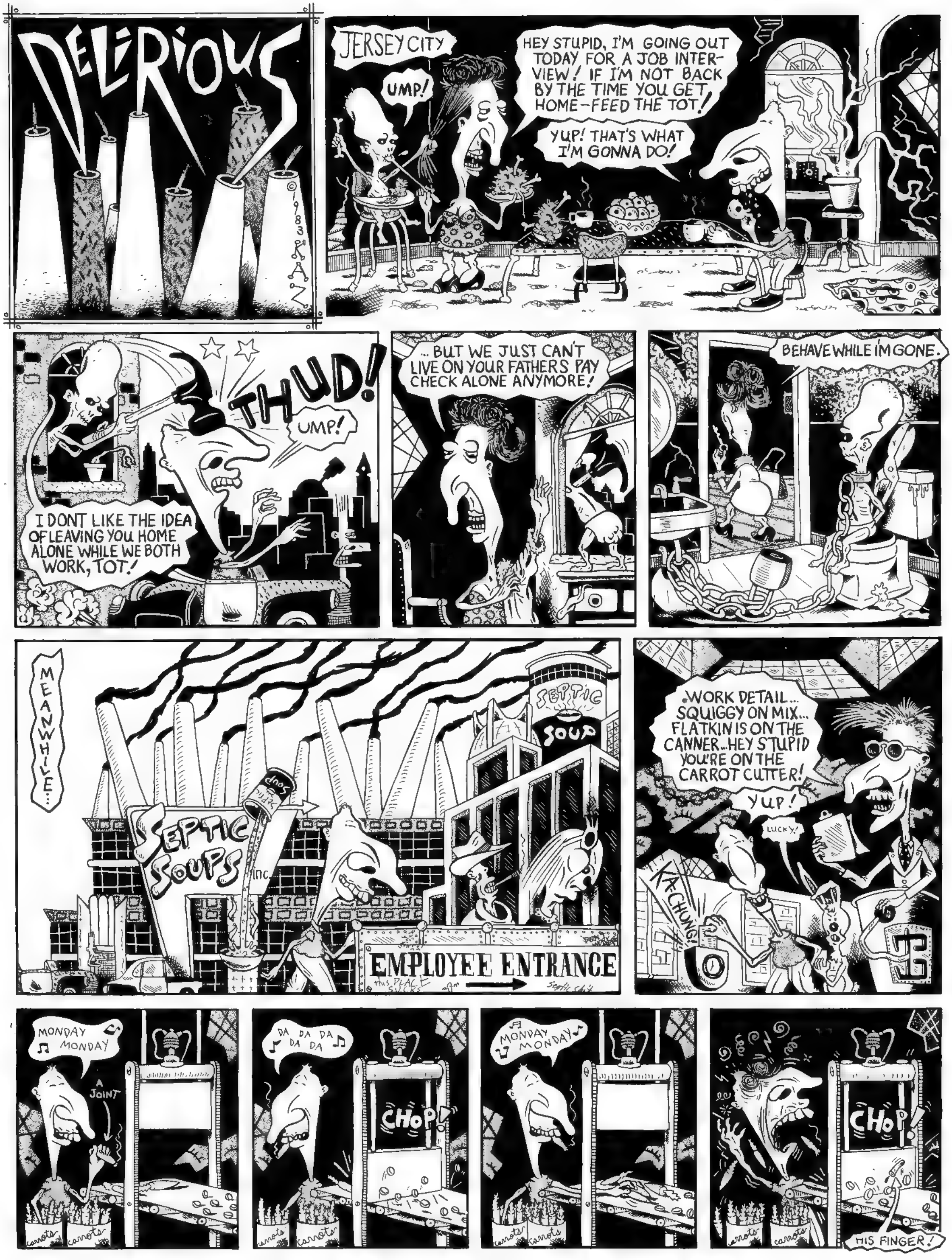
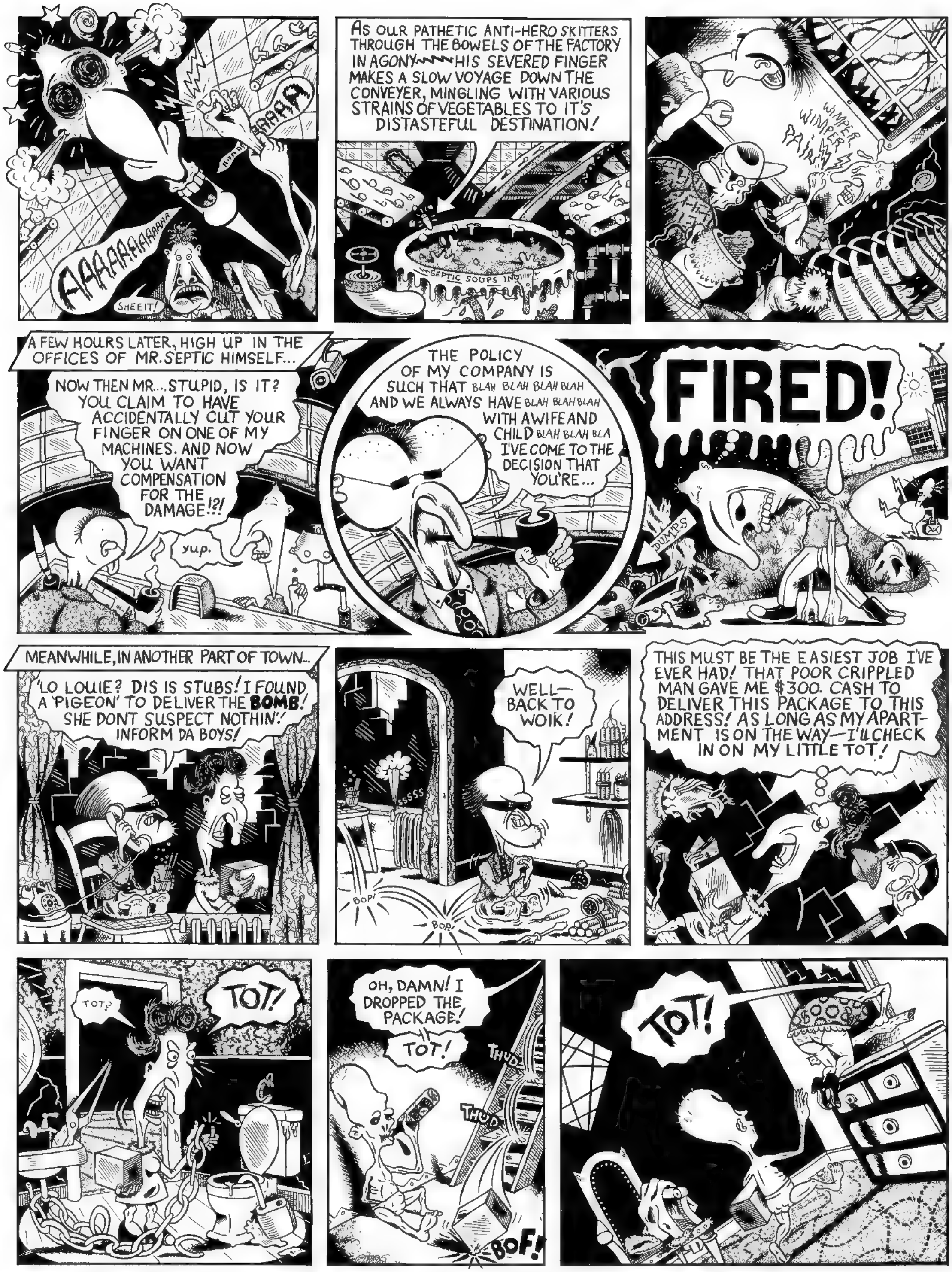
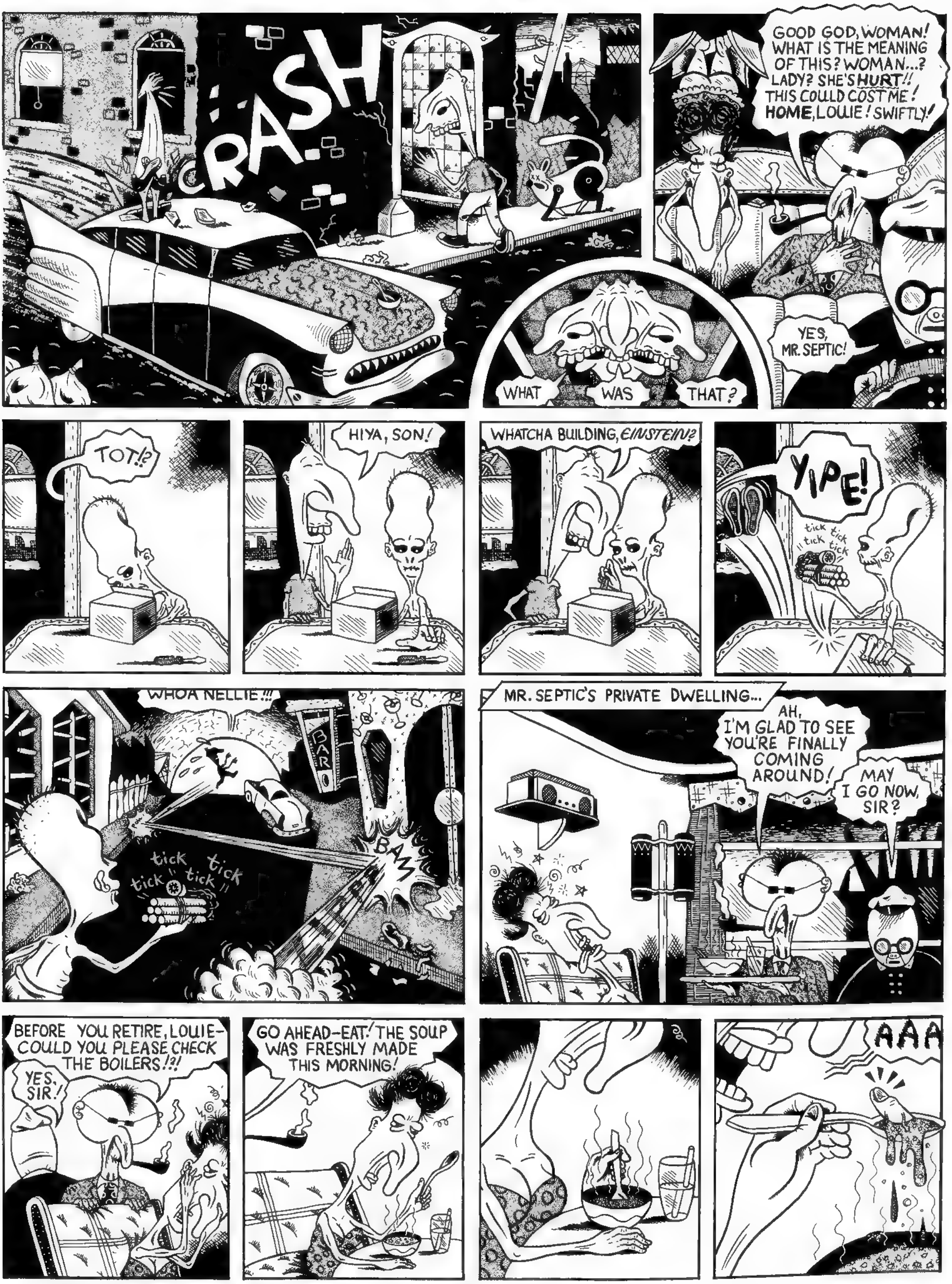
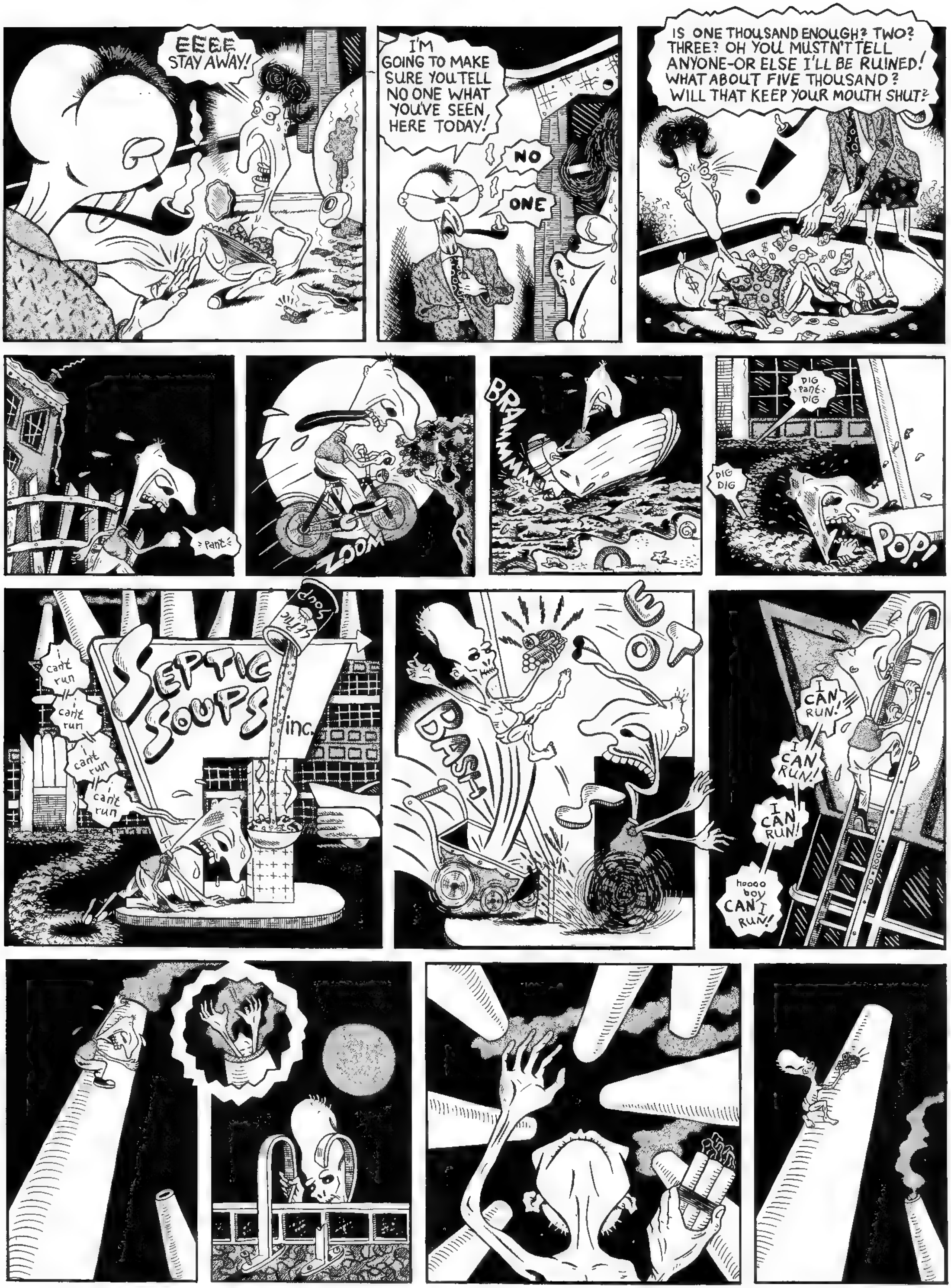

I'M GLAD TO GET OUT OF THIS DARN MAGAZINE
LAURENCE RIGHT
CHAS. HILL

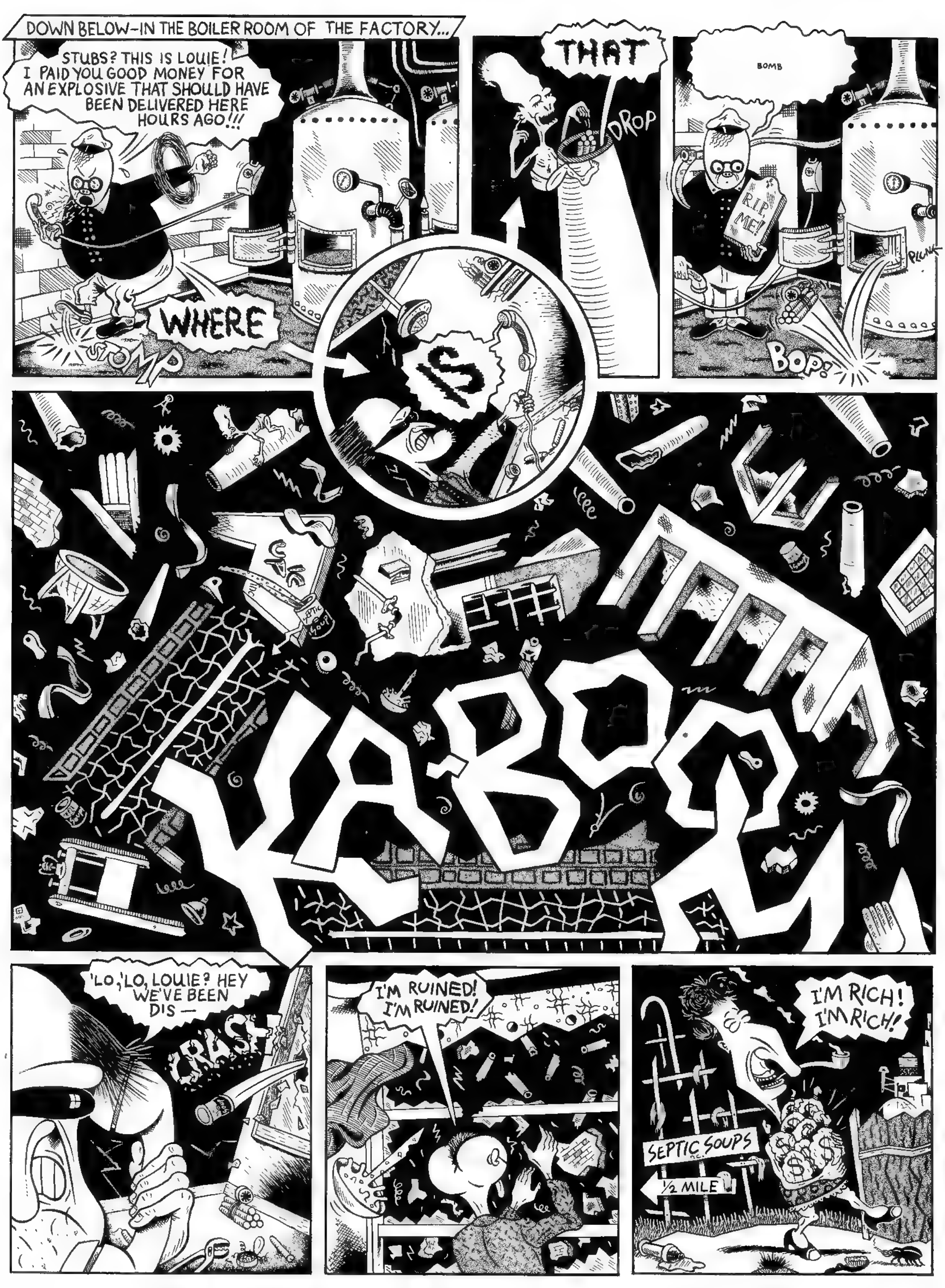
THE ADS ON THE LAST PAGE SHOW THAT THERE WERE MANY SIMILAR PUBLICATIONS – PRECURSORS TO TODAY'S FANZINES.

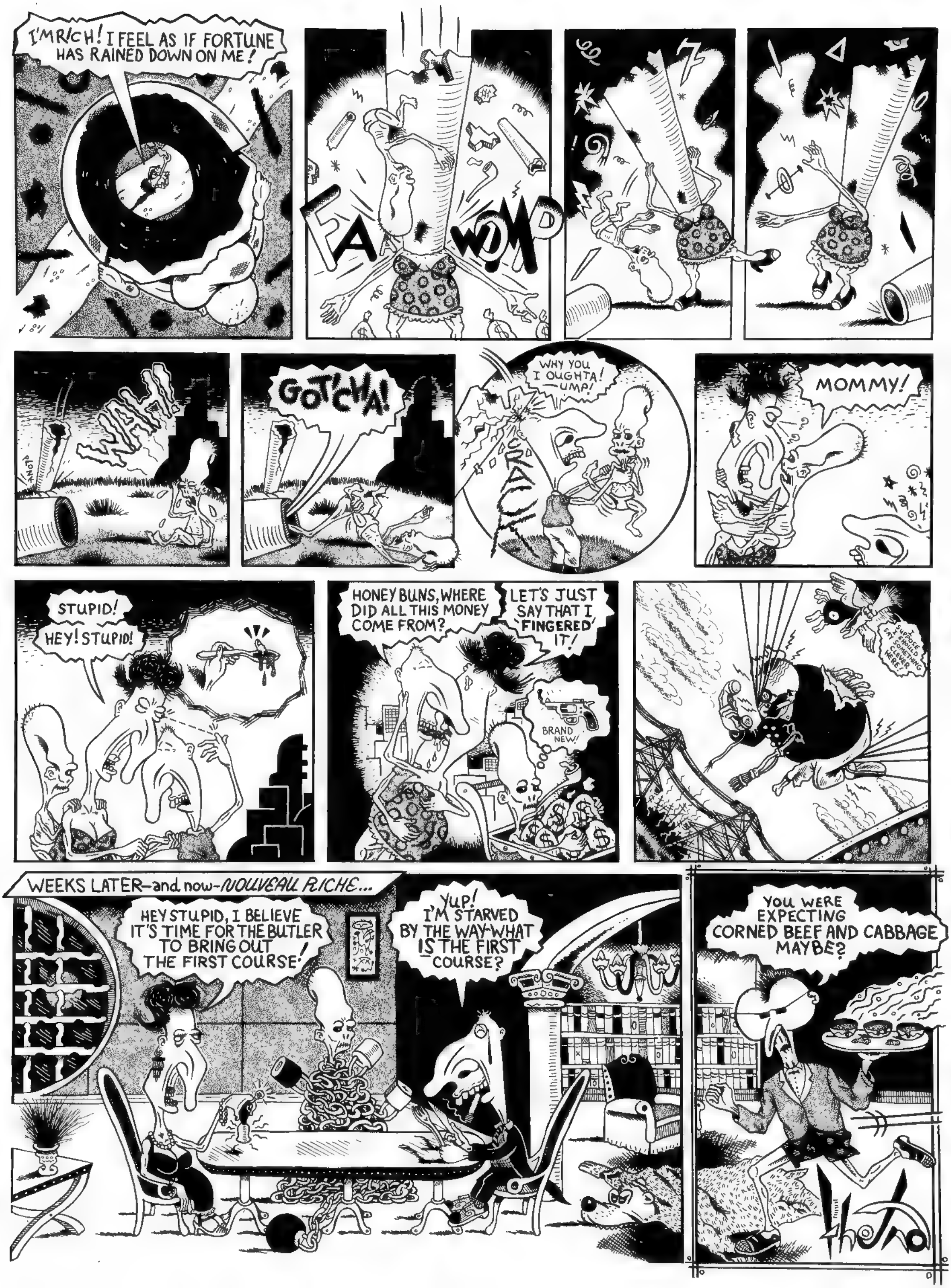

DELIRIOUS
©1983 KAZ
JERSEY CITY
UMP!
HEY STUPID, I'M GOING OUT TODAY FOR A JOB INTERVIEW! IF I'M NOT BACK BY THE TIME YOU GET HOME–FEED THE TOT!
YUP! THAT'S WHAT I'M GONNA DO!
THUD!
UMP!
I DONT LIKE THE IDEA OF LEAVING YOU HOME ALONE WHILE WE BOTH WORK, TOT!
...BUT WE JUST CAN'T LIVE ON YOUR FATHERS PAY CHECK ALONE ANYMORE!
BEHAVE WHILE I'M GONE.
MEANWHILE...
SEPTIC SOUP
SEPTIC SOUP
SEPTIC SOUPS INC.
EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE
this PLACE SUCKS
Septic shit
.WORK DETAIL... SQUIGGY ON MIX... FLATKIN IS ON THE CANNER...HEY STUPID YOU'RE ON THE CARROT CUTTER!
YUP!
LUCKY!
KA-CHUNG!
MONDAY MONDAY
A JOINT
carrots
carrots
DA DA DA DA DA
CHOP!
MONDAY MONDAY
CHOP!
HIS FINGER!


AAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAA
SHEEIT!
AS OUR PATHETIC ANTI-HERO SKITTERS THROUGH THE BOWELS OF THE FACTORY IN AGONY~~~HIS SEVERED FINGER MAKES A SLOW VOYAGE DOWN THE CONVEYER, MINGLING WITH VARIOUS STRAINS OF VEGETABLES TO IT'S DISTASTEFUL DESTINATION!
SEPTIC SOUPS INC
WIMPER WIMPER PAIN
A FEW HOURS LATER, HIGH UP IN THE OFFICES OF MR. SEPTIC HIMSELF...
NOW THEN MR... STUPID, IS IT? YOU CLAIM TO HAVE ACCIDENTALLY CUT YOUR FINGER ON ONE OF MY MACHINES. AND NOW YOU WANT COMPENSATION FOR THE DAMAGE!?!
yup.
THE POLICY OF MY COMPANY IS SUCH THAT BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH AND WE ALWAYS HAVE BLAH BLAH BLAH WITH A WIFE AND CHILD BLAH BLAH BLA I'VE COME TO THE DECISION THAT YOU'RE...
FIRED!
DUMPS
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...
'LO LOUIE? DIS IS STUBS! I FOUND A 'PIGEON' TO DELIVER THE BOMB! SHE DONT SUSPECT NOTHIN'! INFORM DA BOYS!
WELL— BACK TO WOIK!
SSSSS
BOP!
BOP!
THIS MUST BE THE EASIEST JOB I'VE EVER HAD! THAT POOR CRIPPLED MAN GAVE ME $300. CASH TO DELIVER THIS PACKAGE TO THIS ADDRESS! AS LONG AS MY APARTMENT IS ON THE WAY—I'LL CHECK IN ON MY LITTLE TOT!
TOT?
TOT!
OH, DAMN! I DROPPED THE PACKAGE!
TOT!
THUD
THUD
BOF!
TOT!


CRASH
GOOD GOD, WOMAN! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WOMAN...? LADY? SHE'S HURT!! THIS COULD COST ME! HOME, LOUIE! SWIFTLY!
WHAT WAS THAT?
YES, MR. SEPTIC!
TOT!?
HIYA, SON!
WHATCHA BUILDING, EINSTEIN?
YIPE!
tick tick tick tick
WHOA NELLIE!!!
BAR
tick tick tick tick
BAM
MR. SEPTIC'S PRIVATE DWELLING...
AH, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE FINALLY COMING AROUND!
MAY I GO NOW, SIR?
BEFORE YOU RETIRE, LOUIE-COULD YOU PLEASE CHECK THE BOILERS!?!
YES, SIR!
GO AHEAD-EAT! THE SOUP WAS FRESHLY MADE THIS MORNING!
AAA

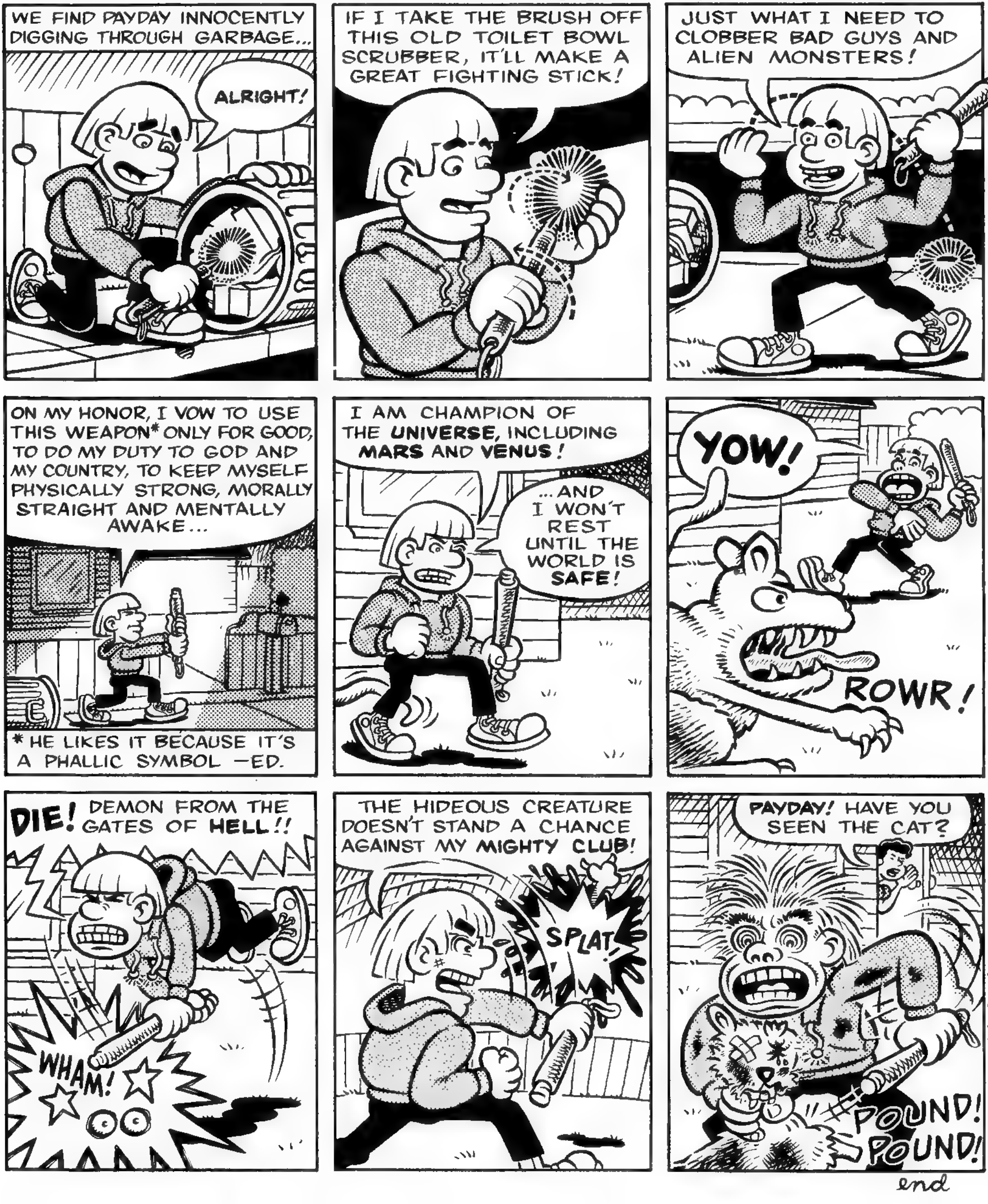

EEEE STAY AWAY!
I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE YOU TELL NO ONE WHAT YOU'VE SEEN HERE TODAY!
NO
ONE
IS ONE THOUSAND ENOUGH? TWO? THREE? OH YOU MUSTN'T TELL ANYONE-OR ELSE I'LL BE RUINED! WHAT ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND? WILL THAT KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT?
!
pant
ZOOM
BRAMMMMM
DIG pant DIG
DIG DIG
POP!
SEPTIC SOUPS inc.
Septic Soup
i can't run
i can't run
i can't run
i can't run
BASH
I CAN RUN!
I CAN RUN!
I CAN RUN!
hoooo boy CAN I RUN!
TO ROOF


DOWN BELOW—IN THE BOILER ROOM OF THE FACTORY...
STUBS? THIS IS LOUIE! I PAID YOU GOOD MONEY FOR AN EXPLOSIVE THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN DELIVERED HERE HOURS AGO!!!
WHERE
STOMP
IS
THAT
DROP
BOMB
R.I.P. ME!
PLINK
BOP!
SEPTIC SOUP
KA-BOOM
'LO, 'LO, LOUIE? HEY WE'VE BEEN DIS—
CRASH
I'M RUINED! I'M RUINED!
I'M RICH! I'M RICH!
SEPTIC SOUPS INC.
1/2 MILE


I'M RICH! I FEEL AS IF FORTUNE HAS RAINED DOWN ON ME!
FA WOMP
PLONK
WAAH!
GOTCHA!
WHY YOU I OUGHTA! -UMP!
MOMMY!
STUPID!
HEY! STUPID!
HONEY BUNS, WHERE DID ALL THIS MONEY COME FROM?
LET'S JUST SAY THAT I "FINGERED" IT!
BRAND NEW!
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD SAY SOMETHING CLEVER HERE.
WEEKS LATER–and now–NOUVEAU RICHE...
HEY STUPID, I BELIEVE IT'S TIME FOR THE BUTLER TO BRING OUT THE FIRST COURSE!
YUP! I'M STARVED BY THE WAY-WHAT IS THE FIRST COURSE?
YOU WERE EXPECTING CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE MAYBE?

# little PAYDAY

## SAVES THE UNIVERSE FROM TOTAL DESTRUCTION!


WE FIND PAYDAY INNOCENTLY DIGGING THROUGH GARBAGE...
ALRIGHT!
IF I TAKE THE BRUSH OFF THIS OLD TOILET BOWL SCRUBBER, IT'LL MAKE A GREAT FIGHTING STICK!
JUST WHAT I NEED TO CLOBBER BAD GUYS AND ALIEN MONSTERS!
ON MY HONOR, I VOW TO USE THIS WEAPON* ONLY FOR GOOD, TO DO MY DUTY TO GOD AND MY COUNTRY, TO KEEP MYSELF PHYSICALLY STRONG, MORALLY STRAIGHT AND MENTALLY AWAKE...
* HE LIKES IT BECAUSE IT'S A PHALLIC SYMBOL —ED.
I AM CHAMPION OF THE **UNIVERSE**, INCLUDING **MARS** AND **VENUS**!
...AND I WON'T REST UNTIL THE WORLD IS **SAFE**!
YOW!
ROWR!
DIE! DEMON FROM THE GATES OF **HELL**!!
WHAM!
THE HIDEOUS CREATURE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST MY **MIGHTY CLUB**!
SPLAT!
**PAYDAY!** HAVE YOU SEEN THE CAT?
POUND! POUND!
© 1984 David Coulson
end

# SKANK, ARMS & BUD

in HIT AND RUN HIGH-JINX!!!

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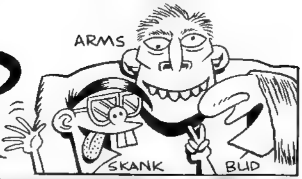
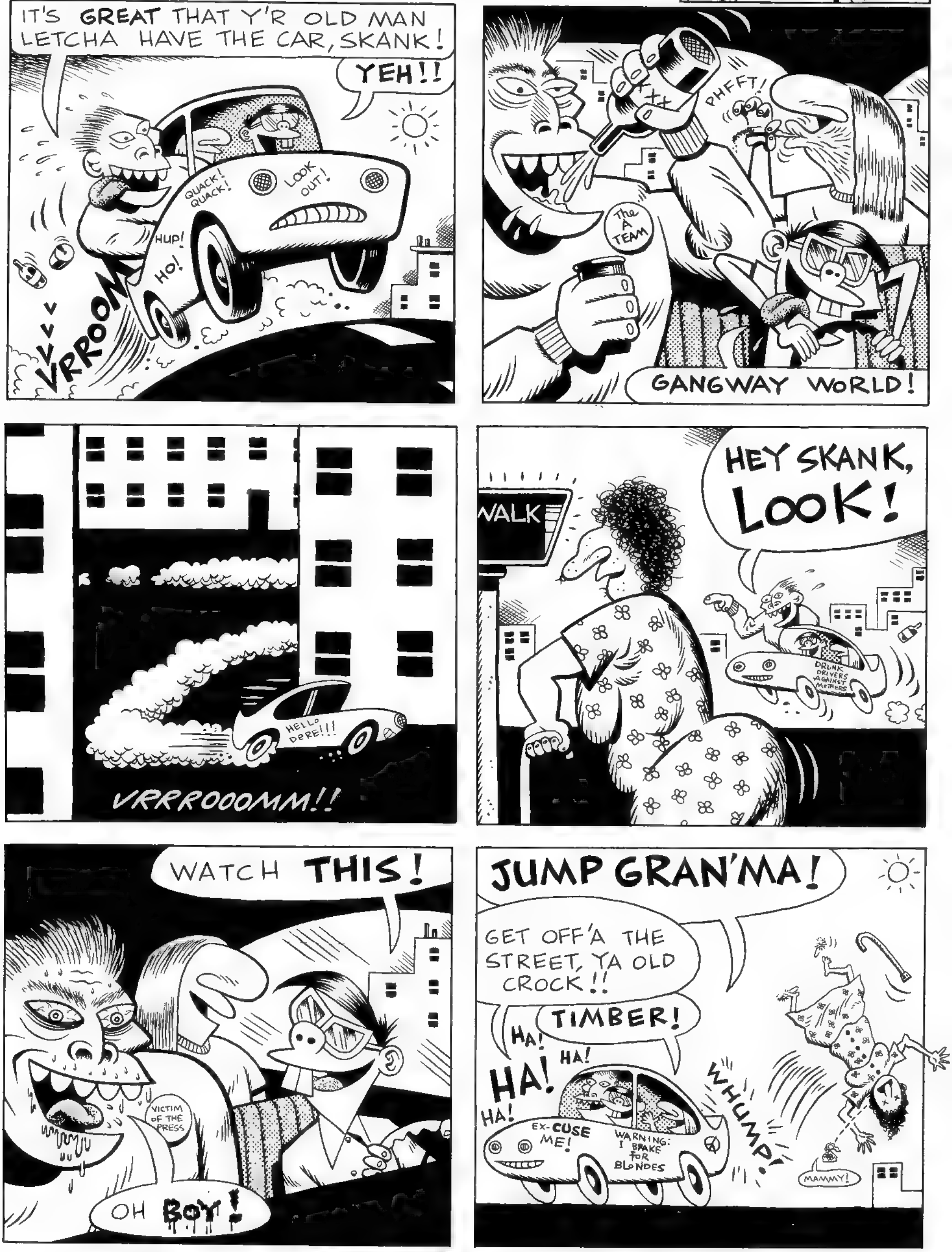
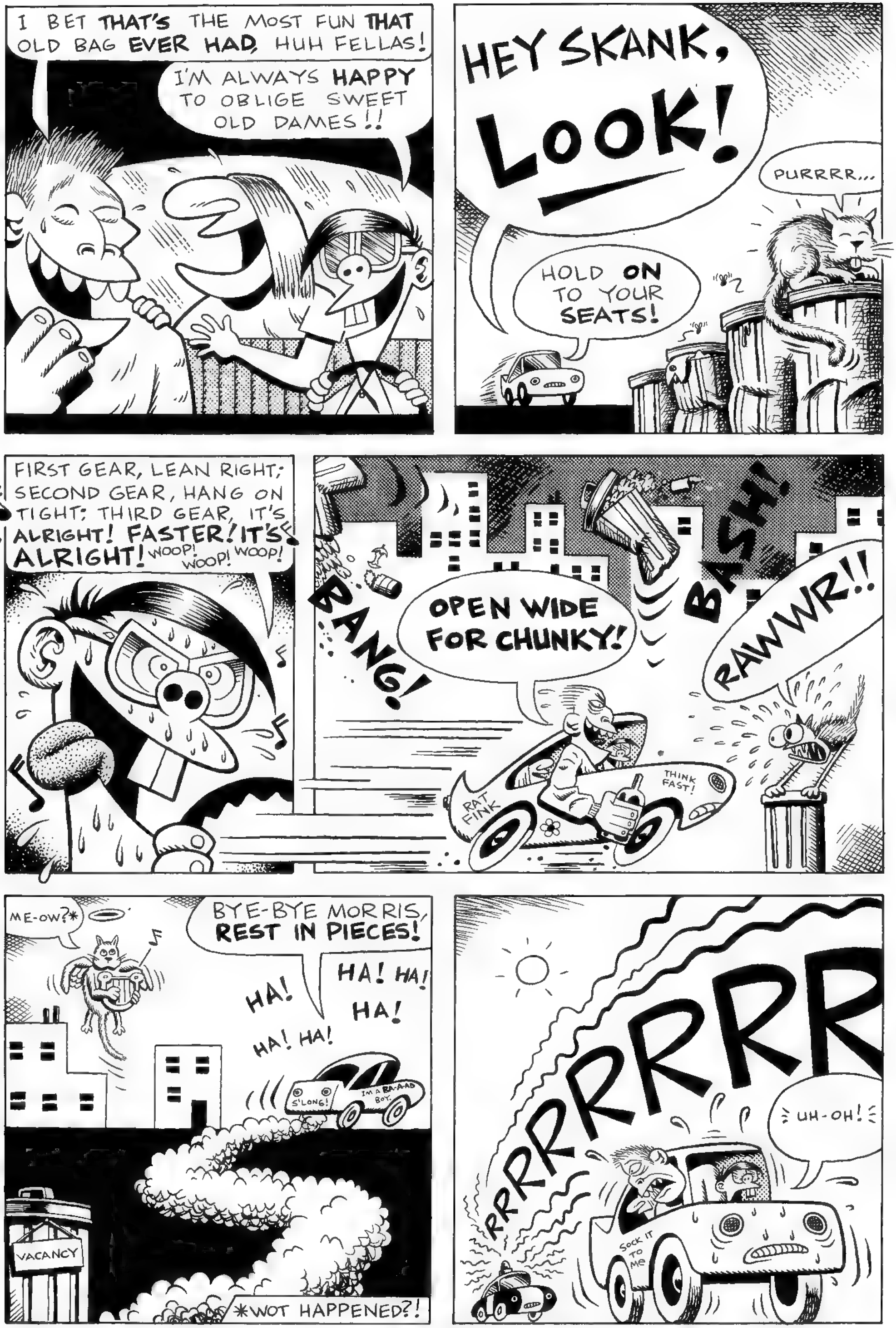
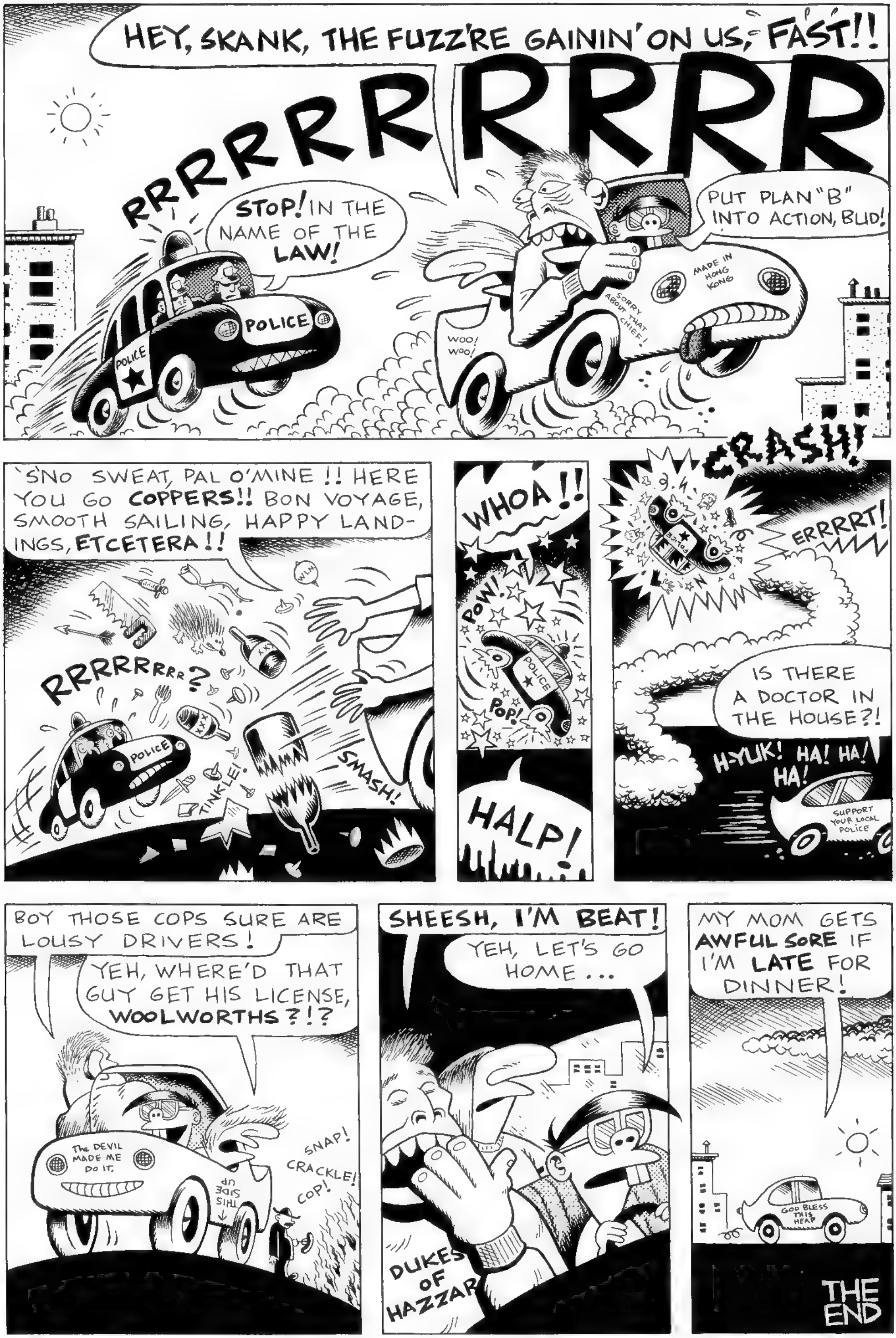
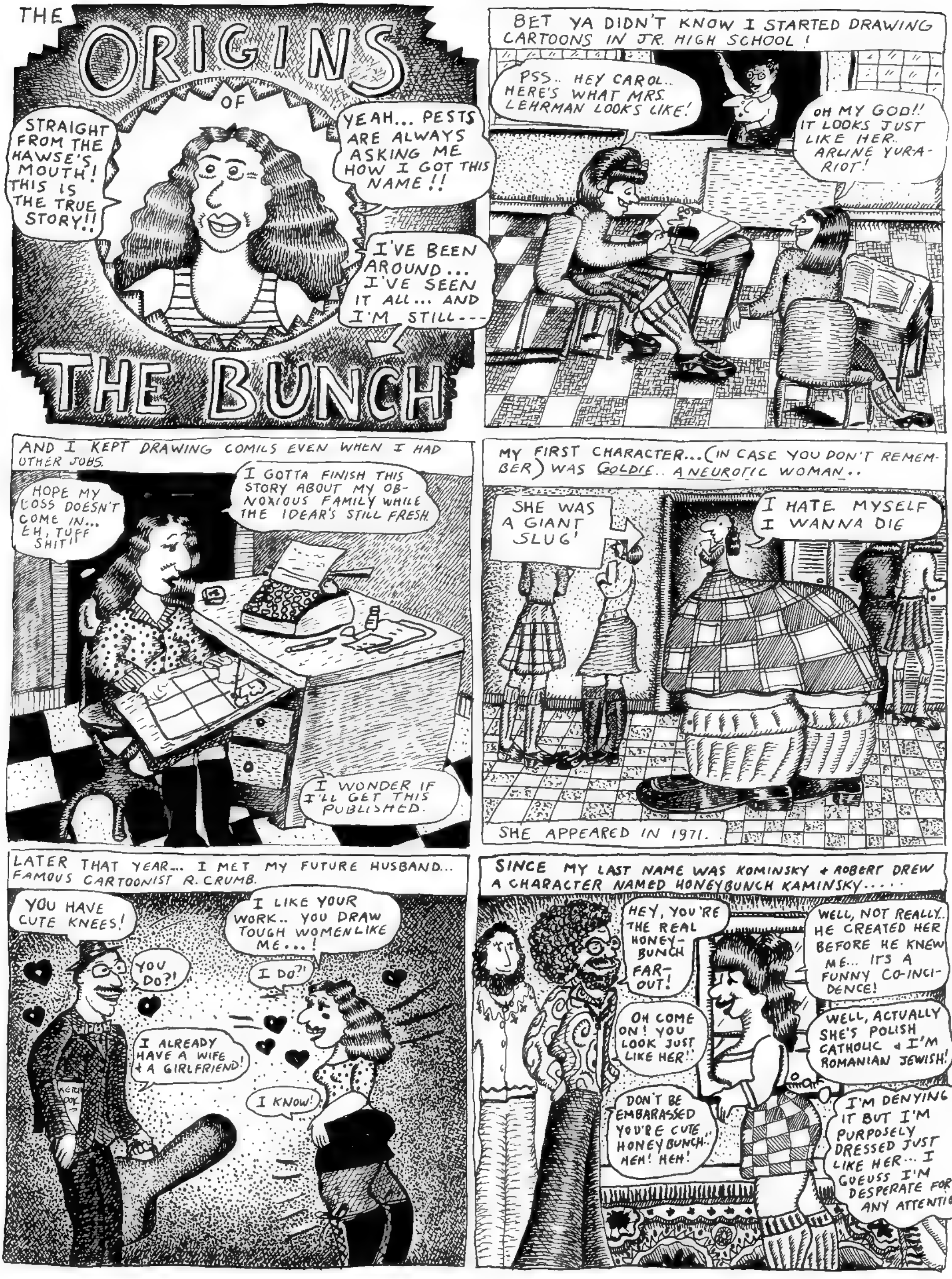
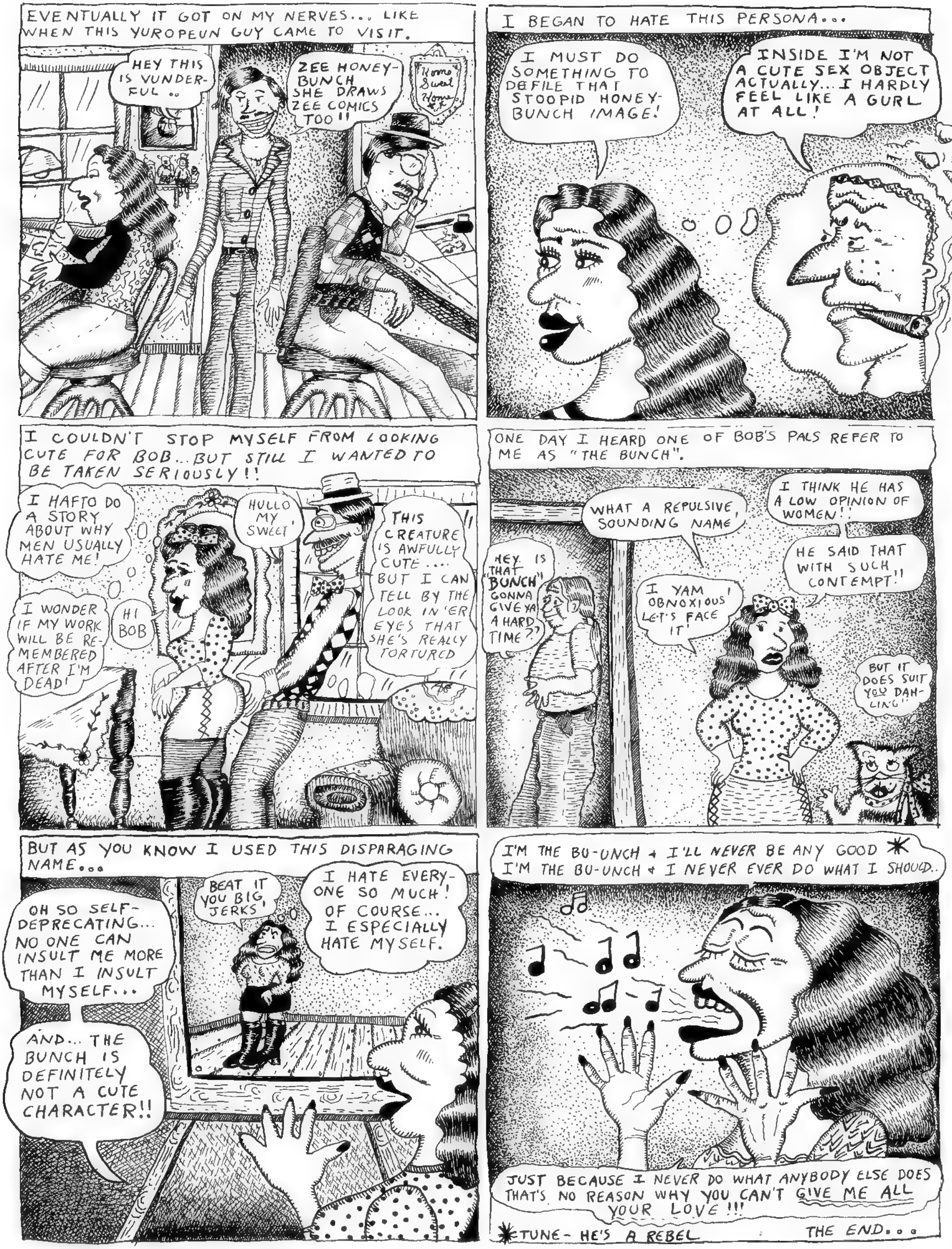

ARMS
SKANK
BUD

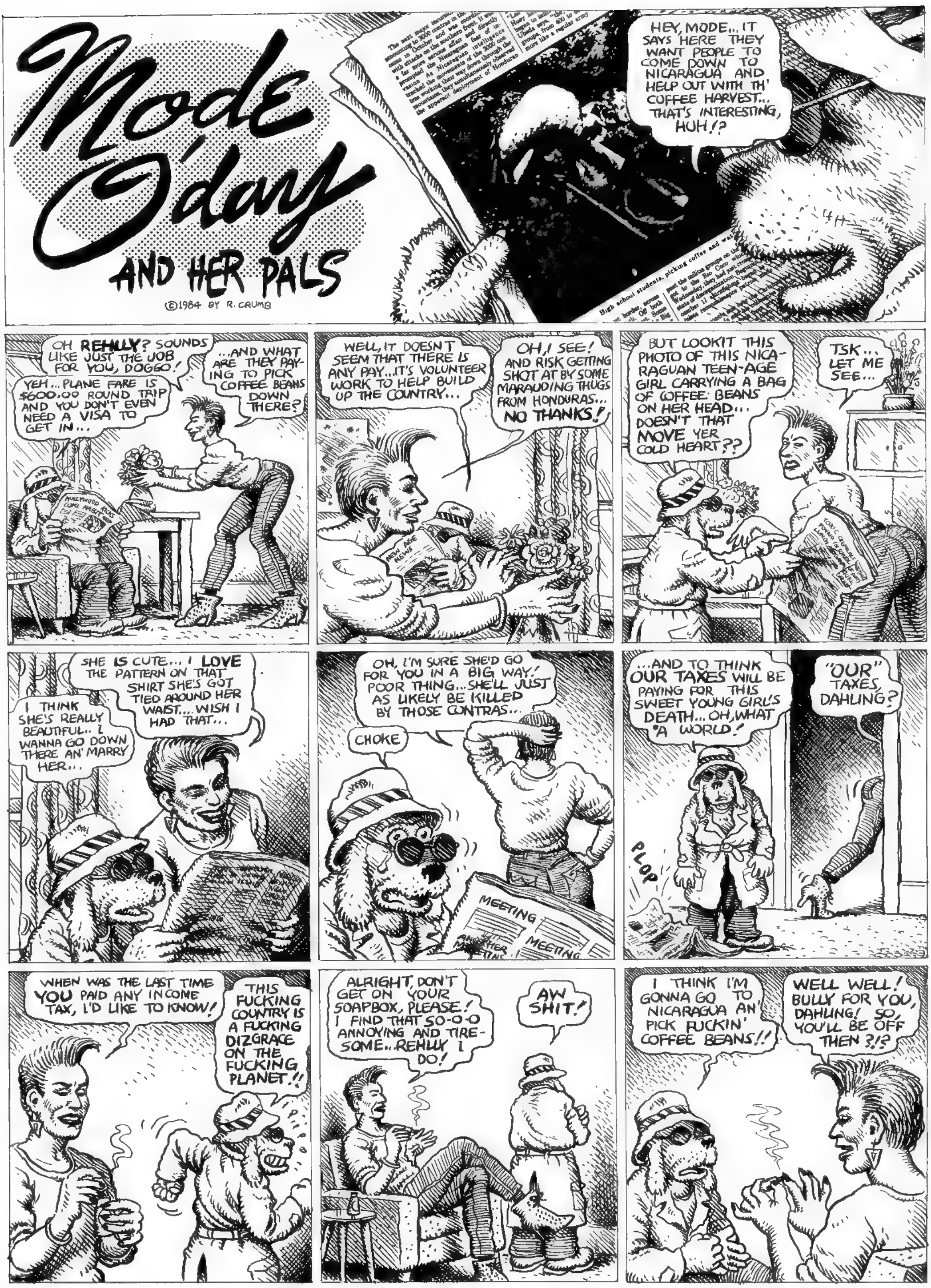

IT'S GREAT THAT Y'R OLD MAN LETCHA HAVE THE CAR, SKANK!
YEH!!
QUACK! QUACK!
LOOK OUT!
HUP!
HO!
VRROOM
XXX
PHFFT!
The A TEAM
GANGWAY WORLD!
HELLO DERE!!!
VRRROOOMM!!
WALK
HEY SKANK, LOOK!
DRUNK DRIVERS AGAINST MOTHERS
WATCH THIS!
VICTIM OF THE PRESS
OH BOY!
JUMP GRAN'MA!
GET OFF'A THE STREET, YA OLD CROCK!!
TIMBER!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
EX-CUSE ME!
WARNING: I BRAKE FOR BLONDES
WHUMP!
MAMMY!

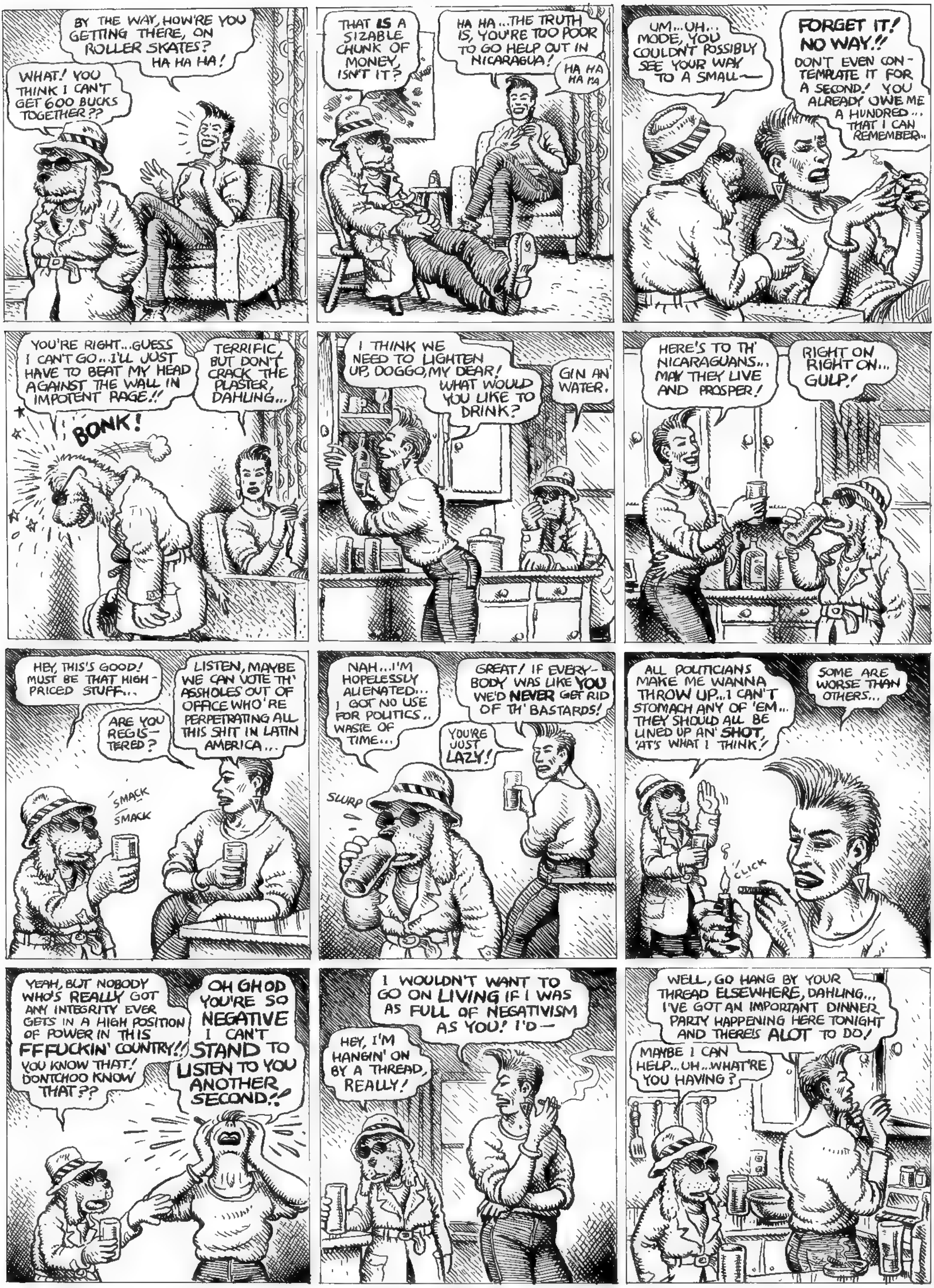

I BET THAT'S THE MOST FUN THAT OLD BAG EVER HAD, HUH FELLAS!
I'M ALWAYS HAPPY TO OBLIGE SWEET OLD DAMES!!
HEY SKANK, LOOK!
PURRRR...
HOLD ON TO YOUR SEATS!
FIRST GEAR, LEAN RIGHT; SECOND GEAR, HANG ON TIGHT; THIRD GEAR, IT'S ALRIGHT! FASTER! IT'S ALRIGHT! WOOP! WOOP! WOOP!
BANG!
BASH!
OPEN WIDE FOR CHUNKY!
RAWWR!!
RAT FINK
THINK FAST!
ME-OW?*
BYE-BYE MORRIS, REST IN PIECES!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
S'LONG!
I'M A BA-A-AD BOY.
VACANCY
*WOT HAPPENED?!
RRRRRRRRRRR
UH-OH!
SOCK IT TO ME

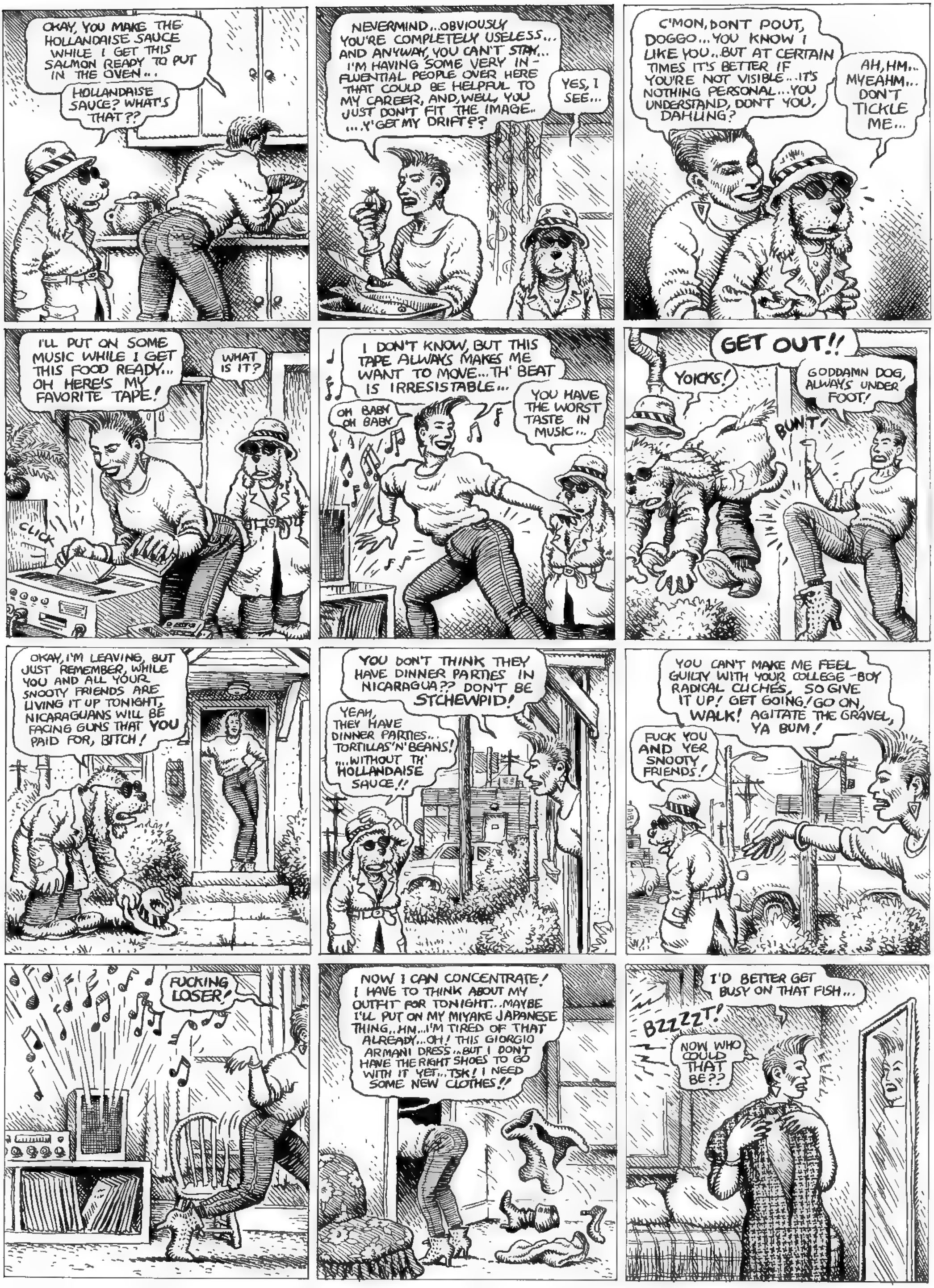

HEY, SKANK, THE FUZZ'RE GAININ' ON US, FAST!!
RRRRRRRRRRRR
STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
PUT PLAN "B" INTO ACTION, BUD!
POLICE
POLICE
MADE IN HONG KONG
SORRY ABOUT THAT CHIEF!
WOO! WOO!
'S NO SWEAT, PAL O'MINE!! HERE YOU GO COPPERS!! BON VOYAGE, SMOOTH SAILING, HAPPY LANDINGS, ETCETERA!!
RRRRRRrrr?
POLICE
SMASH!
TINKLE!
WHOA!!
POW!
POLICE
POP!
HALP!
CRASH!
ERRRRT!
POLICE
IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?!
H-YUK! HA! HA! HA!
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE
BOY THOSE COPS SURE ARE LOUSY DRIVERS!
YEH, WHERE'D THAT GUY GET HIS LICENSE, WOOLWORTHS?!?
The DEVIL MADE ME DO IT.
THIS SIDE UP
SNAP!
CRACKLE!
COP!
SHEESH, I'M BEAT!
YEH, LET'S GO HOME...
DUKES OF HAZZAR
MY MOM GETS AWFUL SORE IF I'M LATE FOR DINNER!
GOD BLESS THIS HEAP
THE END

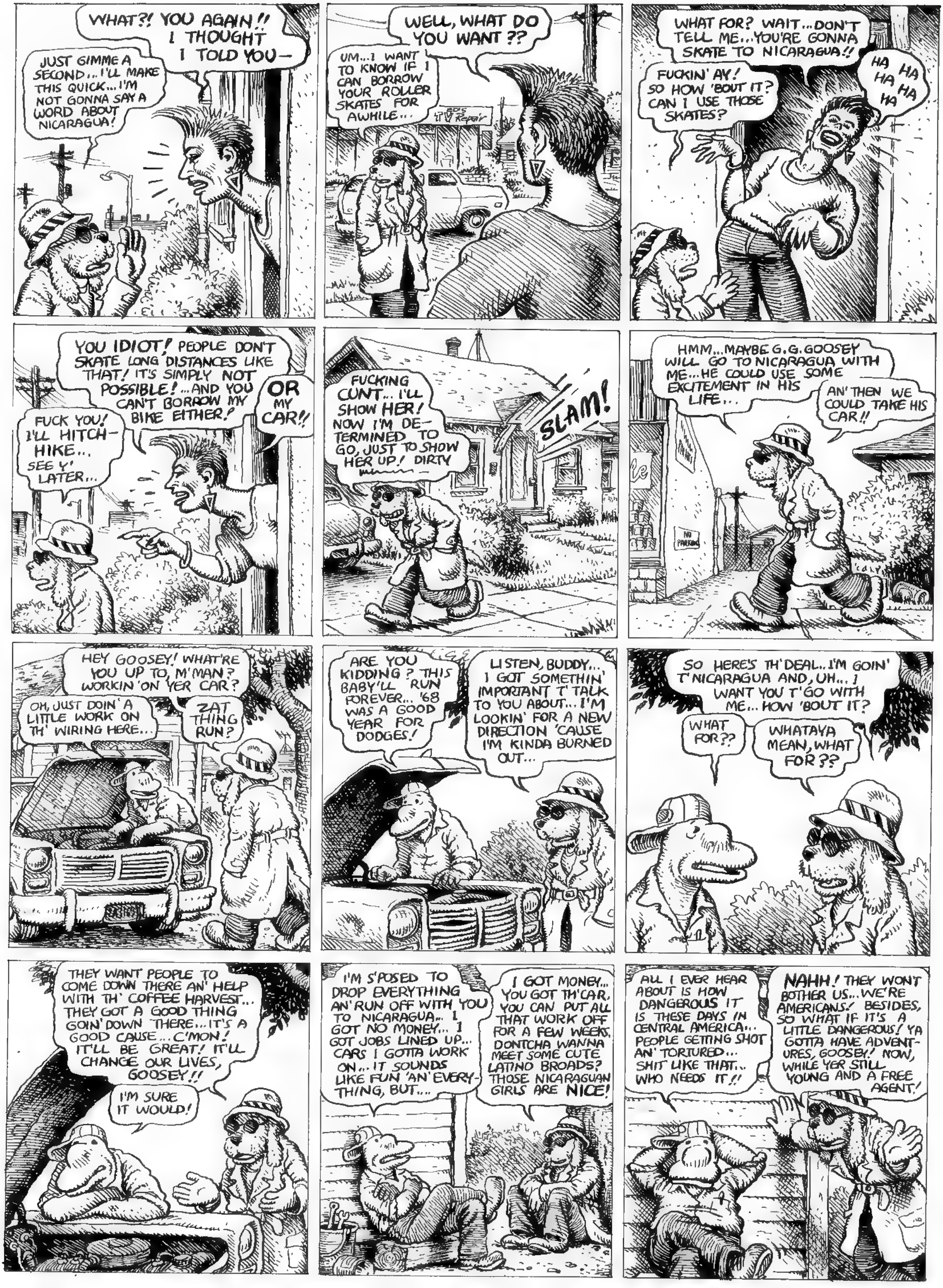

THE ORIGINS OF THE BUNCH
STRAIGHT FROM THE HAWSE'S MOUTH! THIS IS THE TRUE STORY!!
YEAH... PESTS ARE ALWAYS ASKING ME HOW I GOT THIS NAME!!
I'VE BEEN AROUND... I'VE SEEN IT ALL... AND I'M STILL---
BET YA DIDN'T KNOW I STARTED DRAWING CARTOONS IN JR. HIGH SCHOOL!
PSS.. HEY CAROL.. HERE'S WHAT MRS. LEHRMAN LOOKS LIKE!
OH MY GOD!! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE HER.. ARLINE YUR-A-RIOT!
AND I KEPT DRAWING COMICS EVEN WHEN I HAD OTHER JOBS.
HOPE MY BOSS DOESN'T COME IN... EH, TUFF SHIT!!
I GOTTA FINISH THIS STORY ABOUT MY OBNOXIOUS FAMILY WHILE THE IDEAR'S STILL FRESH.
I WONDER IF I'LL GET THIS PUBLISHED.
MY FIRST CHARACTER...(IN CASE YOU DON'T REMEMBER) WAS GOLDIE.. A NEUROTIC WOMAN..
SHE WAS A GIANT SLUG!
I HATE MYSELF I WANNA DIE
SHE APPEARED IN 1971.
LATER THAT YEAR... I MET MY FUTURE HUSBAND... FAMOUS CARTOONIST R. CRUMB.
YOU HAVE CUTE KNEES!
YOU DO?!
I LIKE YOUR WORK.. YOU DRAW TOUGH WOMEN LIKE ME...!
I DO?!
I ALREADY HAVE A WIFE & A GIRLFRIEND!
I KNOW!
AGRI BOOK
SINCE MY LAST NAME WAS KOMINSKY & ROBERT DREW A CHARACTER NAMED HONEYBUNCH KAMINSKY.....
HEY, YOU'RE THE REAL HONEY-BUNCH FAR-OUT!
WELL, NOT REALLY.. HE CREATED HER BEFORE HE KNEW ME... IT'S A FUNNY CO-INCIDENCE!
OH COME ON! YOU LOOK JUST LIKE HER!
WELL, ACTUALLY SHE'S POLISH CATHOLIC & I'M ROMANIAN JEWISH!
DON'T BE EMBARASSED YOU'RE CUTE HONEYBUNCH.. HEH! HEH!
I'M DENYING IT BUT I'M PURPOSELY DRESSED JUST LIKE HER... I GUEUSS I'M DESPERATE FOR ANY ATTENTION!

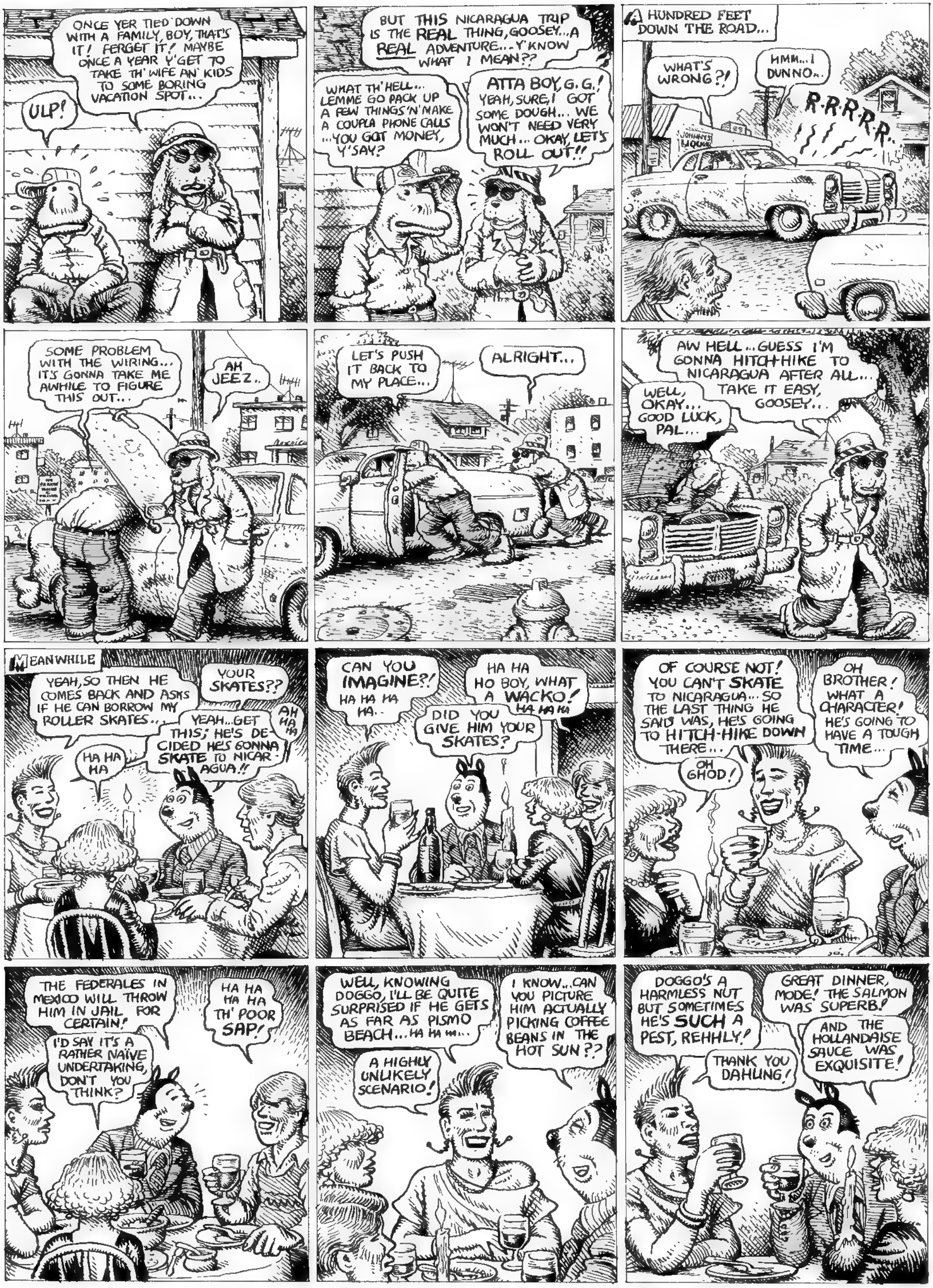

EVENTUALLY IT GOT ON MY NERVES... LIKE WHEN THIS YUROPEUN GUY CAME TO VISIT.
HEY THIS IS VUNDERFUL..
ZEE HONEY-BUNCH SHE DRAWS ZEE COMICS TOO!!
Home Sweet Home
I BEGAN TO HATE THIS PERSONA...
I MUST DO SOMETHING TO DEFILE THAT STOOPID HONEY-BUNCH IMAGE!
INSIDE I'M NOT A CUTE SEX OBJECT ACTUALLY... I HARDLY FEEL LIKE A GURL AT ALL!
I COULDN'T STOP MYSELF FROM LOOKING CUTE FOR BOB...BUT STILL I WANTED TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY!!
I HAFTO DO A STORY ABOUT WHY MEN USUALLY HATE ME!
HULLO MY SWEET
THIS CREATURE IS AWFULLY CUTE.... BUT I CAN TELL BY THE LOOK IN 'ER EYES THAT SHE'S REALLY TORTURED
I WONDER IF MY WORK WILL BE REMEMBERED AFTER I'M DEAD!
HI BOB
ONE DAY I HEARD ONE OF BOB'S PALS REFER TO ME AS "THE BUNCH".
HEY IS THAT "BUNCH" GONNA GIVE YA A HARD TIME?
WHAT A REPULSIVE SOUNDING NAME
I THINK HE HAS A LOW OPINION OF WOMEN!!
HE SAID THAT WITH SUCH CONTEMPT!!
I YAM OBNOXIOUS LET'S FACE IT
BUT IT DOES SUIT YOU DAHLING
BUT AS YOU KNOW I USED THIS DISPARAGING NAME...
OH SO SELF-DEPRECATING... NO ONE CAN INSULT ME MORE THAN I INSULT MYSELF...
AND... THE BUNCH IS DEFINITELY NOT A CUTE CHARACTER!!
BEAT IT YOU BIG JERKS!
I HATE EVERYONE SO MUCH! OF COURSE... I ESPECIALLY HATE MYSELF.
I'M THE BU-UNCH & I'LL NEVER BE ANY GOOD * I'M THE BU-UNCH & I NEVER EVER DO WHAT I SHOULD..
JUST BECAUSE I NEVER DO WHAT ANYBODY ELSE DOES THAT'S NO REASON WHY YOU CAN'T GIVE ME ALL YOUR LOVE!!!
*TUNE - HE'S A REBEL
THE END...

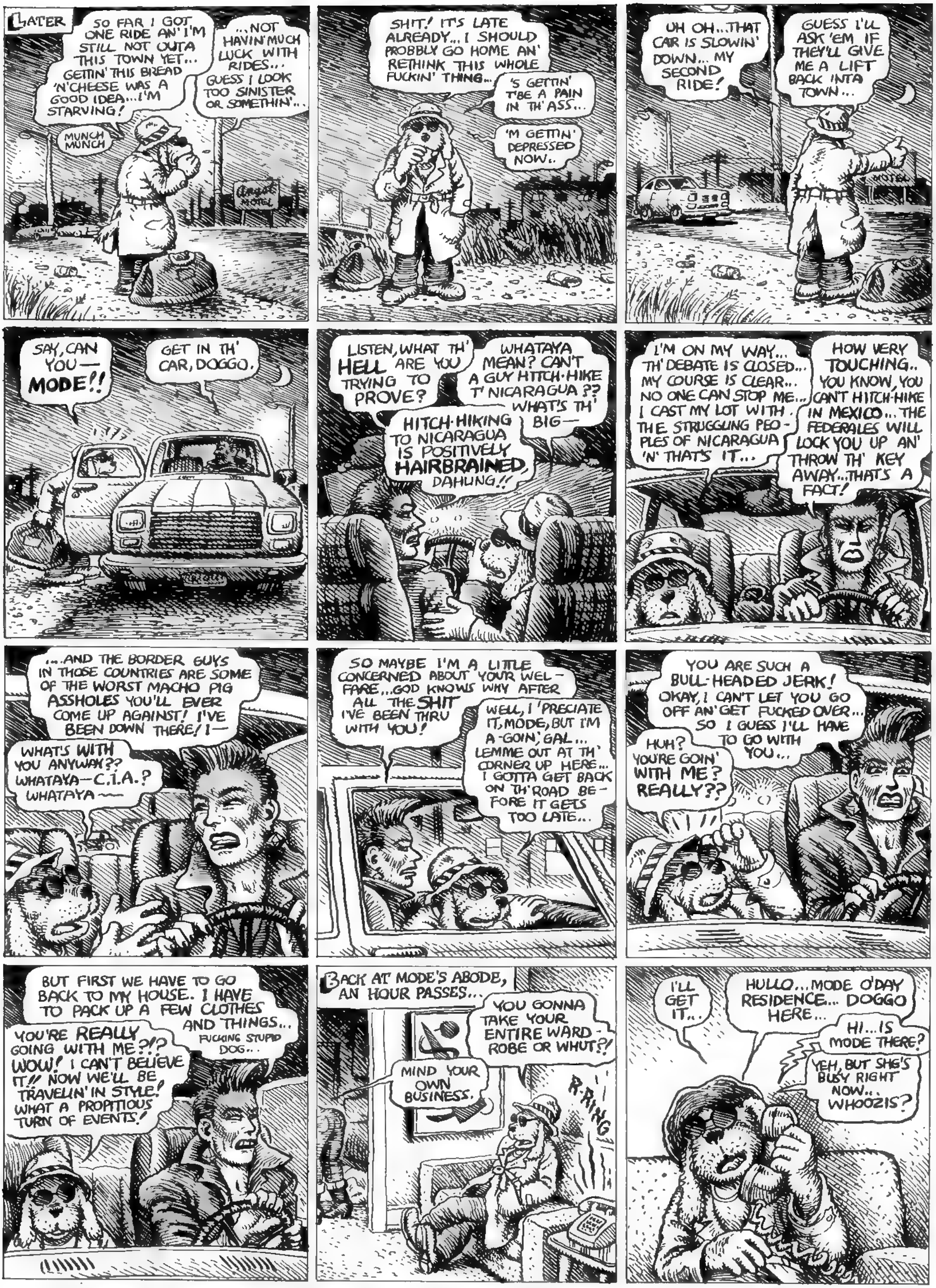

Mode O'day
AND HER PALS
©1984 BY R. CRUMB
HEY, MODE... IT SAYS HERE THEY WANT PEOPLE TO COME DOWN TO NICARAGUA AND HELP OUT WITH TH' COFFEE HARVEST... THAT'S INTERESTING, HUH!?
OH REHLLY? SOUNDS LIKE JUST THE JOB FOR YOU, DOGGO!
YEH... PLANE FARE IS $600.00 ROUND TRIP AND YOU DON'T EVEN NEED A VISA TO GET IN...
...AND WHAT ARE THEY PAYING TO PICK COFFEE BEANS DOWN THERE?
WELL, IT DOESN'T SEEM THAT THERE IS ANY PAY... IT'S VOLUNTEER WORK TO HELP BUILD UP THE COUNTRY...
OH, I SEE! AND RISK GETTING SHOT AT BY SOME MARAUDING THUGS FROM HONDURAS... NO THANKS!
NEW AGE NEWS
BUT LOOKIT THIS PHOTO OF THIS NICARAGUAN TEEN-AGE GIRL CARRYING A BAG OF COFFEE BEANS ON HER HEAD... DOESN'T THAT MOVE YER COLD HEART??
TSK... LET ME SEE...
TOXIC CHRONICLE
I THINK SHE'S REALLY BEAUTIFUL.. I WANNA GO DOWN THERE AN' MARRY HER...
SHE IS CUTE... I LOVE THE PATTERN ON THAT SHIRT SHE'S GOT TIED AROUND HER WAIST... WISH I HAD THAT...
OH, I'M SURE SHE'D GO FOR YOU IN A BIG WAY! POOR THING... SHE'LL JUST AS LIKELY BE KILLED BY THOSE CONTRAS...
CHOKE
MEETING
ANOTHER MEETING
MEETING
...AND TO THINK OUR TAXES WILL BE PAYING FOR THIS SWEET YOUNG GIRL'S DEATH... OH, WHAT A WORLD!
"OUR" TAXES, DAHLING?
PLOP
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU PAID ANY INCOME TAX, I'D LIKE TO KNOW!
THIS FUCKING COUNTRY IS A FUCKING DIZGRACE ON THE FUCKING PLANET!!
ALRIGHT, DON'T GET ON YOUR SOAPBOX, PLEASE! I FIND THAT SO-O-O ANNOYING AND TIRESOME... REHLLY I DO!
AW SHIT!
I THINK I'M GONNA GO TO NICARAGUA AN' PICK FUCKIN' COFFEE BEANS!!
WELL WELL! BULLY FOR YOU, DAHLING! SO, YOU'LL BE OFF THEN?!?

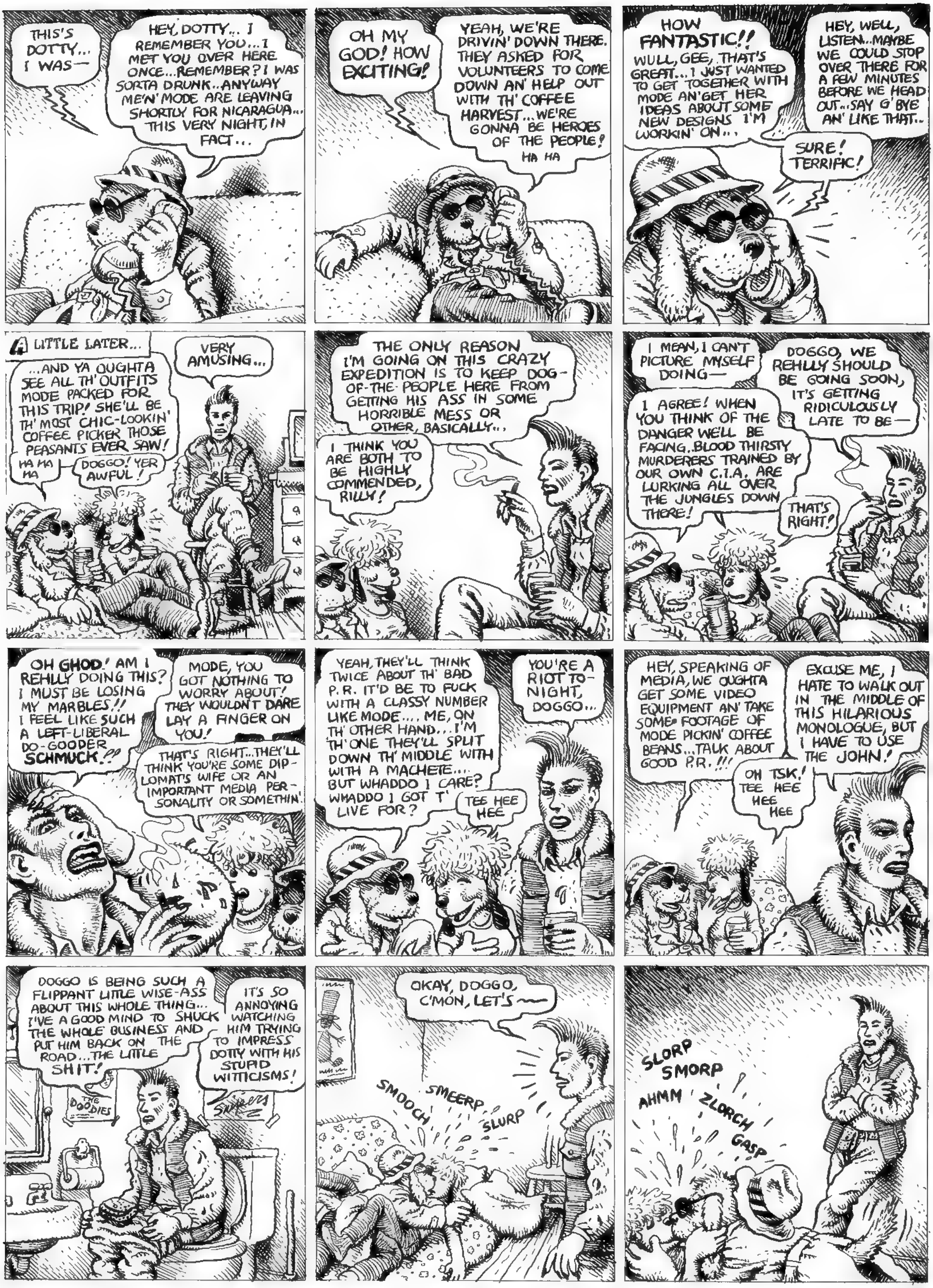

BY THE WAY, HOW'RE YOU GETTING THERE, ON ROLLER SKATES? HA HA HA!
WHAT! YOU THINK I CAN'T GET 600 BUCKS TOGETHER??
THAT IS A SIZABLE CHUNK OF MONEY, ISN'T IT?
HA HA ...THE TRUTH IS, YOU'RE TOO POOR TO GO HELP OUT IN NICARAGUA!
HA HA HA HA
UM...UH... MODE, YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY SEE YOUR WAY TO A SMALL—
FORGET IT! NO WAY!! DON'T EVEN CONTEMPLATE IT FOR A SECOND! YOU ALREADY OWE ME A HUNDRED... THAT I CAN REMEMBER...
YOU'RE RIGHT...GUESS I CAN'T GO...I'LL JUST HAVE TO BEAT MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALL IN IMPOTENT RAGE!!
TERRIFIC, BUT DON'T CRACK THE PLASTER, DAHLING...
BONK!
I THINK WE NEED TO LIGHTEN UP, DOGGO, MY DEAR! WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DRINK?
GIN AN' WATER.
HERE'S TO TH' NICARAGUANS... MAY THEY LIVE AND PROSPER!
RIGHT ON RIGHT ON... GULP!
HEY, THIS'S GOOD! MUST BE THAT HIGH-PRICED STUFF...
LISTEN, MAYBE WE CAN VOTE TH' ASSHOLES OUT OF OFFICE WHO'RE PERPETRATING ALL THIS SHIT IN LATIN AMERICA...
ARE YOU REGISTERED?
SMACK SMACK
NAH...I'M HOPELESSLY ALIENATED... I GOT NO USE FOR POLITICS.. WASTE OF TIME...
GREAT! IF EVERYBODY WAS LIKE YOU WE'D NEVER GET RID OF TH' BASTARDS!
YOU'RE JUST LAZY!
SLURP
ALL POLITICIANS MAKE ME WANNA THROW UP...I CAN'T STOMACH ANY OF 'EM... THEY SHOULD ALL BE LINED UP AN' SHOT, 'AT'S WHAT I THINK!
SOME ARE WORSE THAN OTHERS...
CLICK
YEAH, BUT NOBODY WHO'S REALLY GOT ANY INTEGRITY EVER GETS IN A HIGH POSITION OF POWER IN THIS FFFUCKIN' COUNTRY!! YOU KNOW THAT! DONTCHOO KNOW THAT??
OH GHOD YOU'RE SO NEGATIVE I CAN'T STAND TO LISTEN TO YOU ANOTHER SECOND!!
I WOULDN'T WANT TO GO ON LIVING IF I WAS AS FULL OF NEGATIVISM AS YOU! I'D—
HEY, I'M HANGIN' ON BY A THREAD, REALLY!
WELL, GO HANG BY YOUR THREAD ELSEWHERE, DAHLING... I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT DINNER PARTY HAPPENING HERE TONIGHT AND THERE'S ALOT TO DO!
MAYBE I CAN HELP...UH...WHAT'RE YOU HAVING?

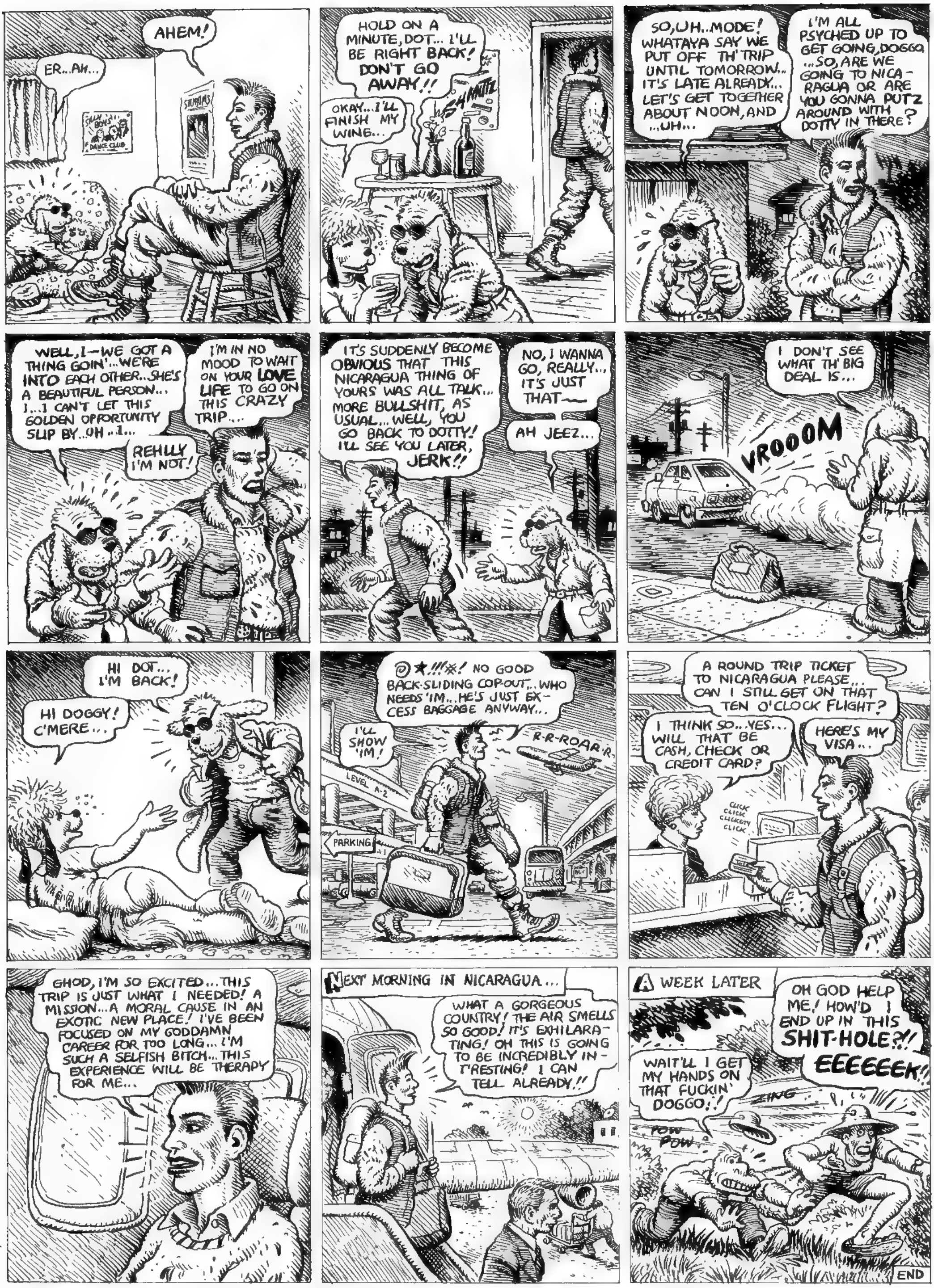

OKAY, YOU MAKE THE HOLLANDAISE SAUCE WHILE I GET THIS SALMON READY TO PUT IN THE OVEN..
HOLLANDAISE SAUCE? WHAT'S THAT??
NEVERMIND...OBVIOUSLY YOU'RE COMPLETELY USELESS... AND ANYWAY, YOU CAN'T STAY... I'M HAVING SOME VERY INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE OVER HERE THAT COULD BE HELPFUL TO MY CAREER, AND, WELL, YOU JUST DON'T FIT THE IMAGE.. ....Y'GET MY DRIFT??
YES, I SEE...
C'MON, DON'T POUT, DOGGO...YOU KNOW I LIKE YOU...BUT AT CERTAIN TIMES IT'S BETTER IF YOU'RE NOT VISIBLE...IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL...YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU, DAHLING?
AH, HM.. MYEAHM... DON'T TICKLE ME...
I'LL PUT ON SOME MUSIC WHILE I GET THIS FOOD READY... OH HERE'S MY FAVORITE TAPE!
WHAT IS IT?
CLICK
I DON'T KNOW, BUT THIS TAPE ALWAYS MAKES ME WANT TO MOVE...TH' BEAT IS IRRESISTABLE...
OH BABY OH BABY
YOU HAVE THE WORST TASTE IN MUSIC...
GET OUT!!
YOICKS!
GODDAMN DOG, ALWAYS UNDER FOOT!
BUNT!
OKAY, I'M LEAVING, BUT JUST REMEMBER, WHILE YOU AND ALL YOUR SNOOTY FRIENDS ARE LIVING IT UP TONIGHT, NICARAGUANS WILL BE FACING GUNS THAT YOU PAID FOR, BITCH!
YOU DON'T THINK THEY HAVE DINNER PARTIES IN NICARAGUA?? DON'T BE STCHEWPID!
YEAH, THEY HAVE DINNER PARTIES... TORTILLAS'N'BEANS! ...WITHOUT TH' HOLLANDAISE SAUCE!!
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY WITH YOUR COLLEGE-BOY RADICAL CLICHÉS, SO GIVE IT UP! GET GOING! GO ON, WALK! AGITATE THE GRAVEL, YA BUM!
FUCK YOU AND YER SNOOTY FRIENDS!
FUCKING LOSER!
NOW I CAN CONCENTRATE! I HAVE TO THINK ABOUT MY OUTFIT FOR TONIGHT...MAYBE I'LL PUT ON MY MIYAKE JAPANESE THING..HM...I'M TIRED OF THAT ALREADY...OH! THIS GIORGIO ARMANI DRESS..BUT I DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT SHOES TO GO WITH IT YET...TSK! I NEED SOME NEW CLOTHES!!
I'D BETTER GET BUSY ON THAT FISH...
BZZZZT!
NOW WHO COULD THAT BE??

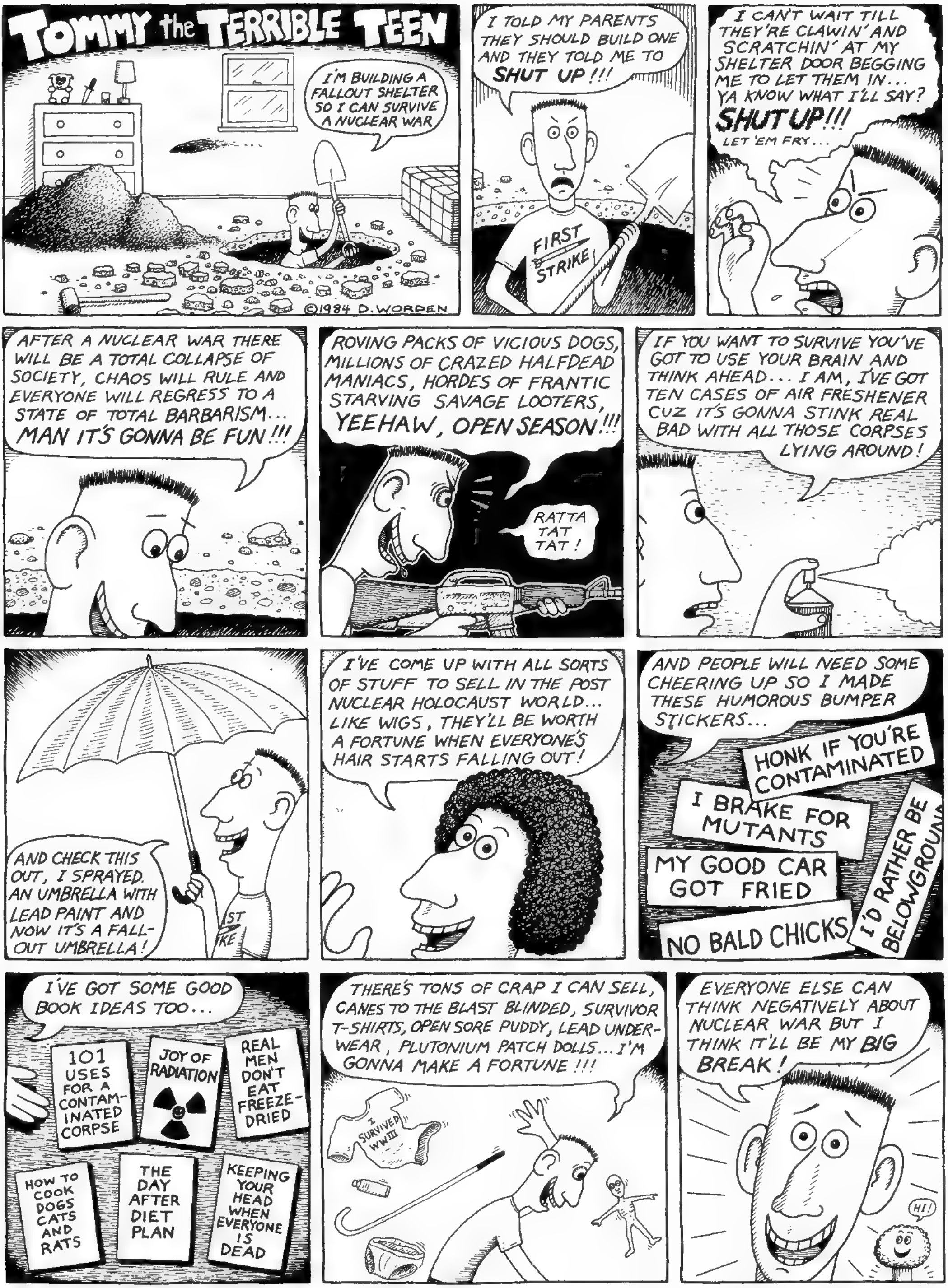

WHAT?! YOU AGAIN!! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU—
JUST GIMME A SECOND... I'LL MAKE THIS QUICK... I'M NOT GONNA SAY A WORD ABOUT NICARAGUA!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT??
UM... I WANT TO KNOW IF I CAN BORROW YOUR ROLLER SKATES FOR AWHILE...
TV Repair
WHAT FOR? WAIT... DON'T TELL ME... YOU'RE GONNA SKATE TO NICARAGUA!!
FUCKIN' AY! SO HOW 'BOUT IT? CAN I USE THOSE SKATES?
HA HA HA HA HA
YOU IDIOT! PEOPLE DON'T SKATE LONG DISTANCES LIKE THAT! IT'S SIMPLY NOT POSSIBLE! ...AND YOU CAN'T BORROW MY BIKE EITHER!
OR MY CAR!!
FUCK YOU! I'LL HITCH-HIKE... SEE Y' LATER...
FUCKING CUNT... I'LL SHOW HER! NOW I'M DETERMINED TO GO, JUST TO SHOW HER UP! DIRTY
SLAM!
HMM... MAYBE G.G. GOOSEY WILL GO TO NICARAGUA WITH ME... HE COULD USE SOME EXCITEMENT IN HIS LIFE...
AN' THEN WE COULD TAKE HIS CAR!!
NO PARKING
HEY GOOSEY! WHAT'RE YOU UP TO, M'MAN? WORKIN' ON YER CAR?
OH, JUST DOIN' A LITTLE WORK ON TH' WIRING HERE...
ZAT THING RUN?
ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS BABY'LL RUN FOREVER... '68 WAS A GOOD YEAR FOR DODGES!
LISTEN, BUDDY... I GOT SOMETHIN' IMPORTANT T' TALK TO YOU ABOUT... I'M LOOKIN' FOR A NEW DIRECTION 'CAUSE I'M KINDA BURNED OUT...
SO HERE'S TH' DEAL.. I'M GOIN' T' NICARAGUA AND, UH... I WANT YOU T' GO WITH ME... HOW 'BOUT IT?
WHAT FOR??
WHATAYA MEAN, WHAT FOR??
THEY WANT PEOPLE TO COME DOWN THERE AN' HELP WITH TH' COFFEE HARVEST... THEY GOT A GOOD THING GOIN' DOWN THERE... IT'S A GOOD CAUSE... C'MON! IT'LL BE GREAT! IT'LL CHANGE OUR LIVES, GOOSEY!!
I'M SURE IT WOULD!
I'M S'POSED TO DROP EVERYTHING AN' RUN OFF WITH YOU TO NICARAGUA.. I GOT NO MONEY... I GOT JOBS LINED UP... CARS I GOTTA WORK ON... IT SOUNDS LIKE FUN 'AN' EVERYTHING, BUT...
I GOT MONEY... YOU GOT TH' CAR. YOU CAN PUT ALL THAT WORK OFF FOR A FEW WEEKS. DONTCHA WANNA MEET SOME CUTE LATINO BROADS? THOSE NICARAGUAN GIRLS ARE NICE!
ALL I EVER HEAR ABOUT IS HOW DANGEROUS IT IS THESE DAYS IN CENTRAL AMERICA... PEOPLE GETTING SHOT AN' TORTURED... SHIT LIKE THAT.. WHO NEEDS IT!!
NAHH! THEY WON'T BOTHER US... WE'RE AMERICANS! BESIDES, SO WHAT IF IT'S A LITTLE DANGEROUS! YA GOTTA HAVE ADVENTURES, GOOSEY! NOW, WHILE YER STILL YOUNG AND A FREE AGENT!


ONCE YER TIED DOWN WITH A FAMILY, BOY, THAT'S IT! FERGET IT! MAYBE ONCE A YEAR Y'GET TO TAKE TH' WIFE AN' KIDS TO SOME BORING VACATION SPOT...
ULP!
BUT THIS NICARAGUA TRIP IS THE REAL THING, GOOSEY... A REAL ADVENTURE... Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN??
WHAT TH'HELL... LEMME GO PACK UP A FEW THINGS 'N' MAKE A COUPLA PHONE CALLS ...YOU GOT MONEY, Y'SAY?
ATTA BOY, G.G.! YEAH, SURE, I GOT SOME DOUGH... WE WON'T NEED VERY MUCH... OKAY, LET'S ROLL OUT!!
A HUNDRED FEET DOWN THE ROAD...
WHAT'S WRONG?!
HMM... I DUNNO..
R-R-R-R-R-R..
JOHNNY'S LIQUOR
SOME PROBLEM WITH THE WIRING... IT'S GONNA TAKE ME AWHILE TO FIGURE THIS OUT...
AH JEEZ..
LET'S PUSH IT BACK TO MY PLACE...
ALRIGHT...
AW HELL... GUESS I'M GONNA HITCH-HIKE TO NICARAGUA AFTER ALL... TAKE IT EASY, GOOSEY...
WELL, OKAY... GOOD LUCK, PAL...
MEANWHILE
YEAH, SO THEN HE COMES BACK AND ASKS IF HE CAN BORROW MY ROLLER SKATES...
YOUR SKATES??
YEAH... GET THIS; HE'S DECIDED HE'S GONNA SKATE TO NICARAGUA!!
AH HA HA
HA HA HA
CAN YOU IMAGINE?! HA HA HA HA.
HA HA HO BOY, WHAT A WACKO! HA HA HA
DID YOU GIVE HIM YOUR SKATES?
OF COURSE NOT! YOU CAN'T SKATE TO NICARAGUA... SO THE LAST THING HE SAID WAS, HE'S GOING TO HITCH-HIKE DOWN THERE...
OH BROTHER! WHAT A CHARACTER! HE'S GOING TO HAVE A TOUGH TIME...
OH GHOD!
THE FEDERALES IN MEXICO WILL THROW HIM IN JAIL FOR CERTAIN!
HA HA HA HA TH' POOR SAP!
I'D SAY IT'S A RATHER NAÏVE UNDERTAKING, DON'T YOU THINK?
WELL, KNOWING DOGGO, I'LL BE QUITE SURPRISED IF HE GETS AS FAR AS PISMO BEACH... HA HA HA...
I KNOW... CAN YOU PICTURE HIM ACTUALLY PICKING COFFEE BEANS IN THE HOT SUN??
A HIGHLY UNLIKELY SCENARIO!
DOGGO'S A HARMLESS NUT BUT SOMETIMES HE'S SUCH A PEST, REHHLY!
GREAT DINNER, MODE! THE SALMON WAS SUPERB!
THANK YOU DAHLING!
AND THE HOLLANDAISE SAUCE WAS EXQUISITE!


LATER
SO FAR I GOT ONE RIDE AN' I'M STILL NOT OUTA THIS TOWN YET... GETTIN' THIS BREAD 'N'CHEESE WAS A GOOD IDEA...I'M STARVING!
...NOT HAVIN' MUCH LUCK WITH RIDES... GUESS I LOOK TOO SINISTER OR SOMETHIN'...
MUNCH MUNCH
MOTEL
SHIT! IT'S LATE ALREADY... I SHOULD PROBBLY GO HOME AN' RETHINK THIS WHOLE FUCKIN' THING...
'S GETTIN' T'BE A PAIN IN TH' ASS..
'M GETTIN' DEPRESSED NOW..
UH OH...THAT CAR IS SLOWIN' DOWN... MY SECOND RIDE!
GUESS I'LL ASK 'EM IF THEY'LL GIVE ME A LIFT BACK INTA TOWN...
MOTEL
SAY, CAN YOU— MODE!!
GET IN TH' CAR, DOGGO.
LISTEN, WHAT TH' HELL ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?
WHATAYA MEAN? CAN'T A GUY HITCH-HIKE T' NICARAGUA?? WHAT'S TH' BIG—
HITCH-HIKING TO NICARAGUA IS POSITIVELY HAIRBRAINED, DAHLING!!
I'M ON MY WAY... TH' DEBATE IS CLOSED... MY COURSE IS CLEAR... NO ONE CAN STOP ME... I CAST MY LOT WITH THE STRUGGLING PEOPLES OF NICARAGUA 'N' THAT'S IT...
HOW VERY TOUCHING.. YOU KNOW, YOU CAN'T HITCH-HIKE IN MEXICO... THE FEDERALES WILL LOCK YOU UP AN' THROW TH' KEY AWAY...THAT'S A FACT!
...AND THE BORDER GUYS IN THOSE COUNTRIES ARE SOME OF THE WORST MACHO PIG ASSHOLES YOU'LL EVER COME UP AGAINST! I'VE BEEN DOWN THERE! I—
WHAT'S WITH YOU ANYWAY?? WHATAYA—C.I.A.? WHATAYA—
SO MAYBE I'M A LITTLE CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR WELFARE...GOD KNOWS WHY AFTER ALL THE SHIT I'VE BEEN THRU WITH YOU!
WELL, I 'PRECIATE IT, MODE, BUT I'M A-GOIN', GAL... LEMME OUT AT TH' CORNER UP HERE... I GOTTA GET BACK ON TH' ROAD BEFORE IT GETS TOO LATE...
YOU ARE SUCH A BULL-HEADED JERK! OKAY, I CAN'T LET YOU GO OFF AN' GET FUCKED OVER... SO I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO WITH YOU...
HUH? YOU'RE GOIN' WITH ME? REALLY??
BUT FIRST WE HAVE TO GO BACK TO MY HOUSE. I HAVE TO PACK UP A FEW CLOTHES AND THINGS...
FUCKING STUPID DOG...
YOU'RE REALLY GOING WITH ME?!? WOW! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!! NOW WE'LL BE TRAVELIN' IN STYLE! WHAT A PROPITIOUS TURN OF EVENTS!
BACK AT MODE'S ABODE, AN HOUR PASSES...
YOU GONNA TAKE YOUR ENTIRE WARDROBE OR WHUT?!
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.
R-RING
I'LL GET IT...
HULLO...MODE O'DAY RESIDENCE... DOGGO HERE...
HI...IS MODE THERE?
YEH, BUT SHE'S BUSY RIGHT NOW... WHOOZIS?

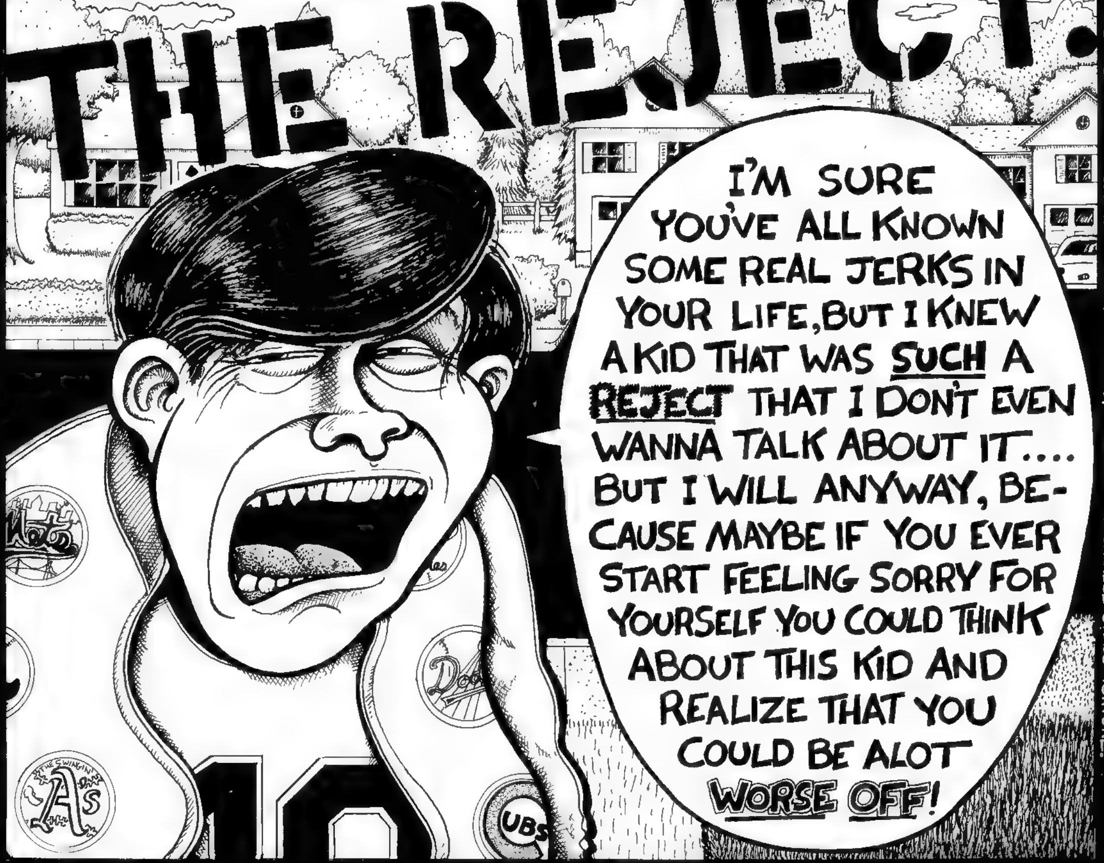

THIS'S DOTTY... I WAS—
HEY, DOTTY... I REMEMBER YOU... I MET YOU OVER HERE ONCE... REMEMBER? I WAS SORTA DRUNK.. ANYWAY ME'N' MODE ARE LEAVING SHORTLY FOR NICARAGUA... THIS VERY NIGHT, IN FACT...
OH MY GOD! HOW EXCITING!
YEAH, WE'RE DRIVIN' DOWN THERE. THEY ASKED FOR VOLUNTEERS TO COME DOWN AN' HELP OUT WITH TH' COFFEE HARVEST... WE'RE GONNA BE HEROES OF THE PEOPLE! HA HA
HOW FANTASTIC!! WULL, GEE, THAT'S GREAT... I JUST WANTED TO GET TOGETHER WITH MODE AN' GET HER IDEAS ABOUT SOME NEW DESIGNS I'M WORKIN' ON...
HEY, WELL, LISTEN.. MAYBE WE COULD STOP OVER THERE FOR A FEW MINUTES BEFORE WE HEAD OUT.. SAY G'BYE AN' LIKE THAT..
SURE! TERRIFIC!
A LITTLE LATER...
...AND YA OUGHTA SEE ALL TH' OUTFITS MODE PACKED FOR THIS TRIP! SHE'LL BE TH' MOST CHIC-LOOKIN' COFFEE PICKER THOSE PEASANTS EVER SAW!
VERY AMUSING...
HA HA HA
DOGGO! YER AWFUL!
THE ONLY REASON I'M GOING ON THIS CRAZY EXPEDITION IS TO KEEP DOG-OF-THE-PEOPLE HERE FROM GETTING HIS ASS IN SOME HORRIBLE MESS OR OTHER, BASICALLY..
I THINK YOU ARE BOTH TO BE HIGHLY COMMENDED, RILLY!
I MEAN, I CAN'T PICTURE MYSELF DOING—
DOGGO, WE REHLLY SHOULD BE GOING SOON, IT'S GETTING RIDICULOUSLY LATE TO BE—
I AGREE! WHEN YOU THINK OF THE DANGER WE'LL BE FACING.. BLOOD THIRSTY MURDERERS TRAINED BY OUR OWN C.I.A. ARE LURKING ALL OVER THE JUNGLES DOWN THERE!
THAT'S RIGHT!
OH GHOD! AM I REHLLY DOING THIS? I MUST BE LOSING MY MARBLES!! I FEEL LIKE SUCH A LEFT-LIBERAL DO-GOODER SCHMUCK!??
MODE, YOU GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! THEY WOULDN'T DARE LAY A FINGER ON YOU!
THAT'S RIGHT... THEY'LL THINK YOU'RE SOME DIPLOMAT'S WIFE OR AN IMPORTANT MEDIA PERSONALITY OR SOMETHIN'!
YEAH, THEY'LL THINK TWICE ABOUT TH' BAD P.R. IT'D BE TO FUCK WITH A CLASSY NUMBER LIKE MODE.... ME, ON TH' OTHER HAND... I'M TH' ONE THEY'LL SPLIT DOWN TH' MIDDLE WITH WITH A MACHETE... BUT WHADDO I CARE? WHADDO I GOT T' LIVE FOR?
YOU'RE A RIOT TONIGHT, DOGGO...
TEE HEE HEE
HEY, SPEAKING OF MEDIA, WE OUGHTA GET SOME VIDEO EQUIPMENT AN' TAKE SOME FOOTAGE OF MODE PICKIN' COFFEE BEANS... TALK ABOUT GOOD P.R. !!!
EXCUSE ME, I HATE TO WALK OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS HILARIOUS MONOLOGUE, BUT I HAVE TO USE THE JOHN!
OH TSK! TEE HEE HEE HEE
DOGGO IS BEING SUCH A FLIPPANT LITTLE WISE-ASS ABOUT THIS WHOLE THING... I'VE A GOOD MIND TO SHUCK THE WHOLE BUSINESS AND PUT HIM BACK ON THE ROAD... THE LITTLE SHIT!
IT'S SO ANNOYING WATCHING HIM TRYING TO IMPRESS DOTTY WITH HIS STUPID WITTICISMS!
THE DOODIES
OKAY, DOGGO, C'MON, LET'S—
SMOOCH
SMEERP
SLURP
SLORP
SMORP
AHMM
ZLORCH
GASP


ER...AH...
AHEM!
HOLD ON A MINUTE, DOT... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! DON'T GO AWAY!!
OKAY...I'LL FINISH MY WINE...
SO, UH..MODE! WHATAYA SAY WE PUT OFF TH' TRIP UNTIL TOMORROW.. IT'S LATE ALREADY... LET'S GET TOGETHER ABOUT NOON, AND ...UH...
I'M ALL PSYCHED UP TO GET GOING, DOGGO ...SO, ARE WE GOING TO NICARAGUA OR ARE YOU GONNA PUTZ AROUND WITH DOTTY IN THERE?
WELL, I—WE GOT A THING GOIN'...WE'RE INTO EACH OTHER...SHE'S A BEAUTIFUL PERSON... I...I CAN'T LET THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY SLIP BY..UH ..I...
I'M IN NO MOOD TO WAIT ON YOUR LOVE LIFE TO GO ON THIS CRAZY TRIP....
REHLLY I'M NOT!
IT'S SUDDENLY BECOME OBVIOUS THAT THIS NICARAGUA THING OF YOURS WAS ALL TALK... MORE BULLSHIT, AS USUAL...WELL, YOU GO BACK TO DOTTY! I'LL SEE YOU LATER, JERK!!
NO, I WANNA GO, REALLY..., IT'S JUST THAT—
AH JEEZ...
I DON'T SEE WHAT TH' BIG DEAL IS...
VROOOM
HI DOT... I'M BACK!
HI DOGGY! C'MERE...
@★!!!※! NO GOOD BACK-SLIDING COP-OUT.. WHO NEEDS 'IM...HE'S JUST EXCESS BAGGAGE ANYWAY...
I'LL SHOW 'IM!
R-R-ROAR-R
LEVEL A-2
PARKING
A ROUND TRIP TICKET TO NICARAGUA PLEASE... CAN I STILL GET ON THAT TEN O'CLOCK FLIGHT?
I THINK SO...YES... WILL THAT BE CASH, CHECK OR CREDIT CARD?
HERE'S MY VISA...
CLICK CLICK CLICKETY CLICK
GHOD, I'M SO EXCITED...THIS TRIP IS JUST WHAT I NEEDED! A MISSION...A MORAL CAUSE IN AN EXOTIC NEW PLACE! I'VE BEEN FOCUSED ON MY GODDAMN CAREER FOR TOO LONG... I'M SUCH A SELFISH BITCH...THIS EXPERIENCE WILL BE THERAPY FOR ME...
NEXT MORNING IN NICARAGUA...
WHAT A GORGEOUS COUNTRY! THE AIR SMELLS SO GOOD! IT'S EXHILARATING! OH THIS IS GOING TO BE INCREDIBLY INT'RESTING! I CAN TELL ALREADY!!
A WEEK LATER
OH GOD HELP ME! HOW'D I END UP IN THIS SHIT-HOLE?!!
EEEEEEK!!
WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT FUCKIN' DOGGO!!
ZING
POW POW
END


TOMMY the TERRIBLE TEEN
I'M BUILDING A FALLOUT SHELTER SO I CAN SURVIVE A NUCLEAR WAR
©1984 D. WORDEN
I TOLD MY PARENTS THEY SHOULD BUILD ONE AND THEY TOLD ME TO SHUT UP!!!
FIRST STRIKE
I CAN'T WAIT TILL THEY'RE CLAWIN' AND SCRATCHIN' AT MY SHELTER DOOR BEGGING ME TO LET THEM IN... YA KNOW WHAT I'LL SAY? SHUT UP!!! LET 'EM FRY...
AFTER A NUCLEAR WAR THERE WILL BE A TOTAL COLLAPSE OF SOCIETY, CHAOS WILL RULE AND EVERYONE WILL REGRESS TO A STATE OF TOTAL BARBARISM... MAN IT'S GONNA BE FUN!!!
ROVING PACKS OF VICIOUS DOGS, MILLIONS OF CRAZED HALFDEAD MANIACS, HORDES OF FRANTIC STARVING SAVAGE LOOTERS, YEEHAW, OPEN SEASON!!!
RATTA TAT TAT!
IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE YOU'VE GOT TO USE YOUR BRAIN AND THINK AHEAD... I AM, I'VE GOT TEN CASES OF AIR FRESHENER CUZ IT'S GONNA STINK REAL BAD WITH ALL THOSE CORPSES LYING AROUND!
AND CHECK THIS OUT, I SPRAYED AN UMBRELLA WITH LEAD PAINT AND NOW IT'S A FALL-OUT UMBRELLA!
ST KE
I'VE COME UP WITH ALL SORTS OF STUFF TO SELL IN THE POST NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST WORLD... LIKE WIGS, THEY'LL BE WORTH A FORTUNE WHEN EVERYONE'S HAIR STARTS FALLING OUT!
AND PEOPLE WILL NEED SOME CHEERING UP SO I MADE THESE HUMOROUS BUMPER STICKERS...
HONK IF YOU'RE CONTAMINATED
I BRAKE FOR MUTANTS
MY GOOD CAR GOT FRIED
NO BALD CHICKS
I'D RATHER BE BELOWGROUN
I'VE GOT SOME GOOD BOOK IDEAS TOO...
101 USES FOR A CONTAMINATED CORPSE
JOY OF RADIATION
REAL MEN DON'T EAT FREEZE-DRIED
HOW TO COOK DOGS CATS AND RATS
THE DAY AFTER DIET PLAN
KEEPING YOUR HEAD WHEN EVERYONE IS DEAD
THERE'S TONS OF CRAP I CAN SELL, CANES TO THE BLAST BLINDED, SURVIVOR T-SHIRTS, OPEN SORE PUDDY, LEAD UNDERWEAR, PLUTONIUM PATCH DOLLS... I'M GONNA MAKE A FORTUNE!!!
I SURVIVED WWIII
EVERYONE ELSE CAN THINK NEGATIVELY ABOUT NUCLEAR WAR BUT I THINK IT'LL BE MY BIG BREAK!
HI!

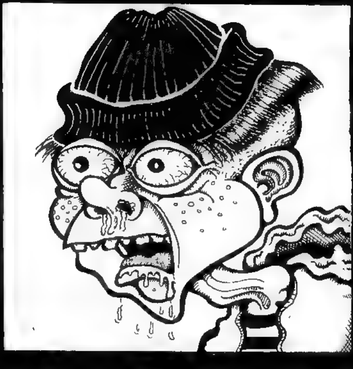
# THE REJECT.

WARNING: THE NARRATOR OF THIS STORY HAS A TENDENCY TO **EXAGGERATE**, SO AN ASTERISK(*) HAS BEEN PLACED AT EACH SUCH INSTANCE IN ORDER TO PROTECT THE READER FROM ANY MISINFORMATION.

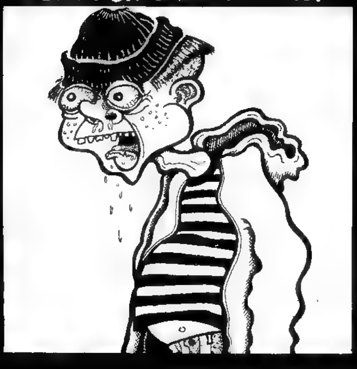

I'M SURE YOU'VE ALL KNOWN SOME REAL JERKS IN YOUR LIFE, BUT I KNEW A KID THAT WAS SUCH A REJECT THAT I DON'T EVEN WANNA TALK ABOUT IT.... BUT I WILL ANYWAY, BECAUSE MAYBE IF YOU EVER START FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF YOU COULD THINK ABOUT THIS KID AND REALIZE THAT YOU COULD BE ALOT WORSE OFF!
Mets
A's
Dodgers
CUBS

©1984 BY P.BAGGE THANKS TO GEORGE "CHEAPMEAT" PACCIELLO, FATHER OF THE CHINESE GRASS TORTURE.

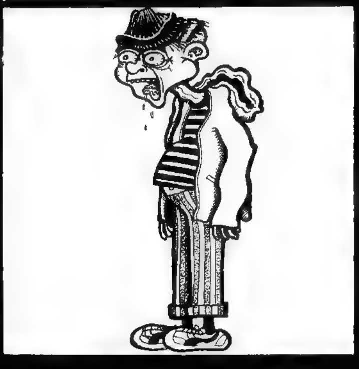
**JORGIE JOHANSEN.** THAT WAS HIS NAME. AND THE J'S WERE PRONOUNCED LIKE **Y'S**. WEIRD KID, WEIRD NAME.



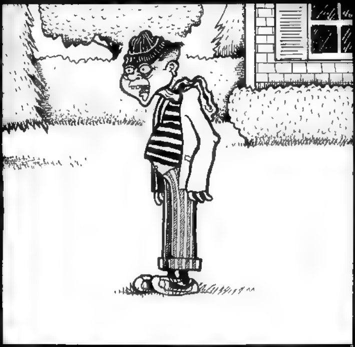
HE WAS REAL STUPID LOOKING, WITH THESE **FROG-EYES** AND A **STUPID HAIRCUT**. AND HE **SLOUCHED**. AND HE **SLOBBERED**. AND HE ALWAYS HAD HIS **STUPID SKI-CAP** ON. ALWAYS.*



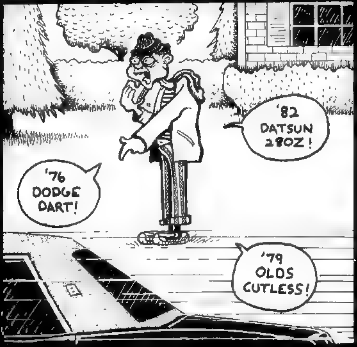
THIS KID WAS A WRECK. HE WAS REAL SKINNY, BUT HAD A **BLOATED STOMACH** LIKE A BIAFRAN. HE ALWAYS HAD **DRIED SNOT** ON HIS **STUFFED-UP NOSE** AND HAD TO BREATHE THROUGH HIS MOUTH.



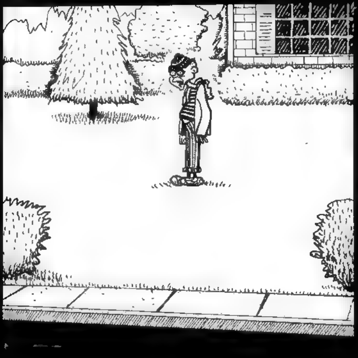
HE MIGHT'VE HAD A SERIOUS HEALTH PROBLEM, BUT IF HE **DID** IT WAS HIS **OWN FAULT**, BECAUSE HE NEVER PLAYED SPORTS AND HE ATE **LOUSY, DISGUSTING, UNNUTRITIOUS FOOD.**



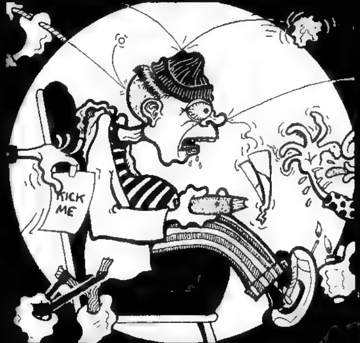
HIS FAVORITE THING TO DO WAS TO STAND IN HIS FRONT YARD AND IDENTIFY CARS AS THEY DROVE BY, WHILE HE SNACKED ON ONE OF HIS **KETCHUP SANDWICHES.**


'82 DATSUN 280Z!
'76 DODGE DART!
'79 OLDS CUTLESS!

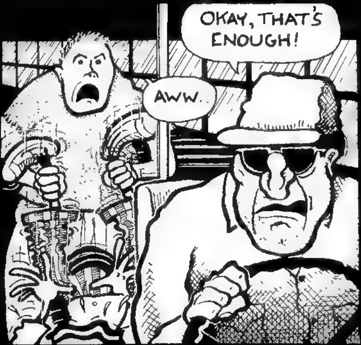
ANYWAY, HE WAS A **REAL JERK.** AND HE **SMELLED.***



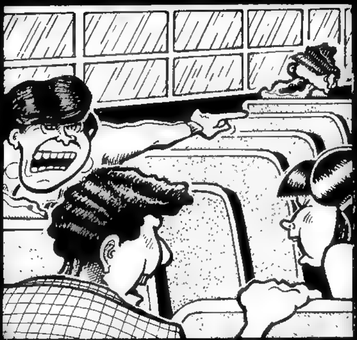
THE BUS WAS THE REJECT'S TORTURE CHAMBER. EVERY DAY WE'D GIVE HIM **HELL.**



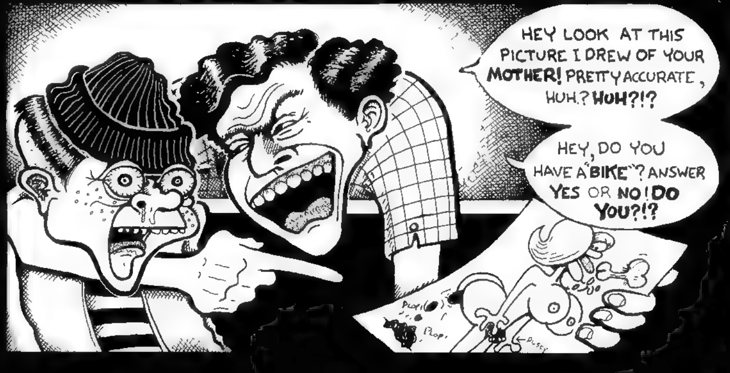
HIS ONLY CHANCE FOR SURVIVAL WAS TO SIT BEHIND THE BUS DRIVER, WHO SAVED HIS LIFE A COUPLE OF TIMES.*


OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH!
AWW.

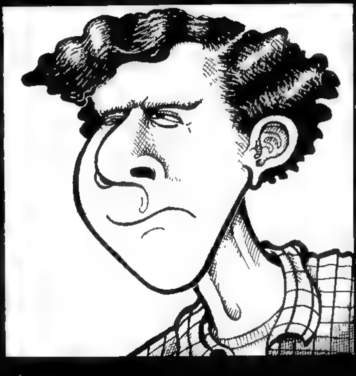
HE WAS THE ONLY KID ON THE BUS THAT WOULD GET PICKED ON, FOR SOME REASON. WELL, WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY **CRIPPLES** OR **MINORITIES** ON OUR ROUTE, SO I GUESS HE WAS ALL WE HAD.



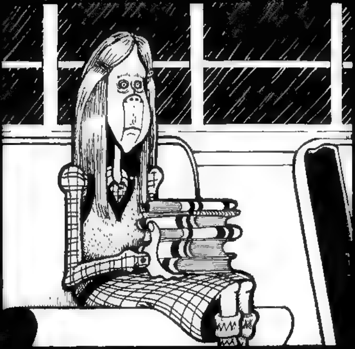
MY FRIEND **JOEY LARSON** REALLY HAD IT IN FOR THE REJECT. HE WOULD PICK ON HIM **NON-STOP**, ALWAYS TRYING TO GET A REACTION OUT OF HIM, BUT THE REJECT WOULD JUST IGNORE HIM AND STARE INTO SPACE, WHICH WOULD MAKE JOEY GET ON HIS CASE EVEN **WORSE.**


HEY LOOK AT THIS PICTURE I DREW OF YOUR **MOTHER!** PRETTY ACCURATE, HUH? **HUH?!?**
HEY, DO YOU HAVE A "**BIKE**"? ANSWER **YES** OR **NO**! **DO YOU?!?**
PLOP!
PLOP!

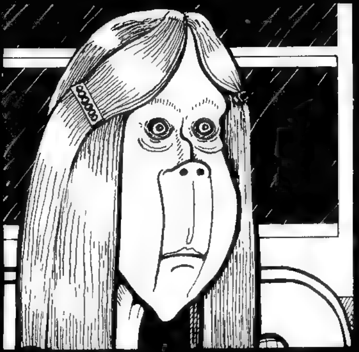
JOEY WAS MY BEST FRIEND* BUT HE COULD BE A **REAL BASTARD.** WHEN HE MOVED AWAY I WAS KINDA GLAD, BECAUSE I THINK HE WAS SLIGHTLY **PSYCHO.**



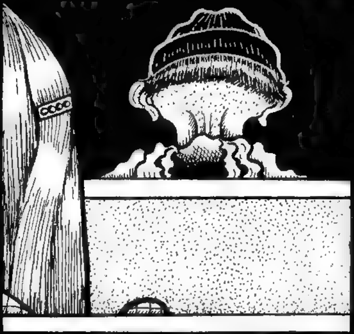
ANYHOW, JUST TO PROVE TO YOU WHAT A **REJECT** THE REJECT WAS, LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THIS GIRL THAT ALWAYS SAT BEHIND HIM ON THE BUS.



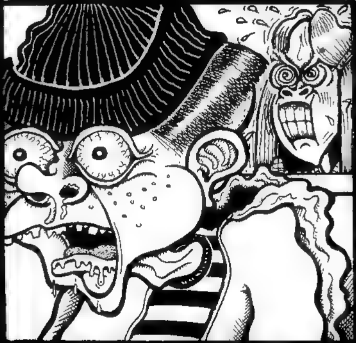
HER NAME WAS **KATIE KUNKEL**, AND SHE WAS A REJECT TOO, BUT A DIFFERENT KIND: SHE DIDN'T TALK TO **YOU** AND NO ONE TALKED TO **HER**. AND I THINK SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE REAL SMART.



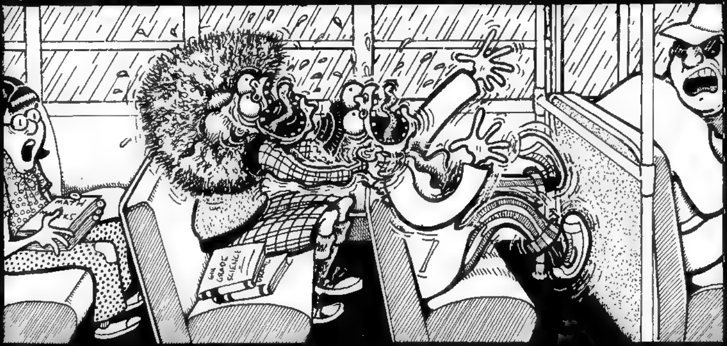
WELL, LIKE I SAID SHE ALWAYS SAT BEHIND THE REJECT, WHICH MEANT THAT SHE ALWAYS HAD TO LOOK AT THE BACK OF HIS **STUPID HEAD** AND HIS **STUPID HAT.**



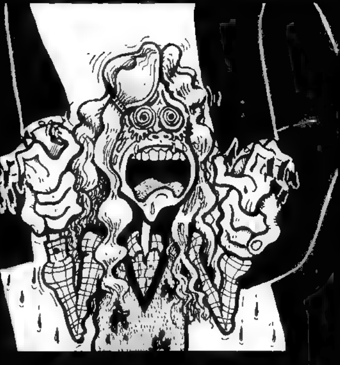
FOR YEARS SHE SAT BEHIND HIM, AND THEY NEVER SAID A WORD TO EACH OTHER, BUT SHE MUST'VE STARTED HAVING **NIGHTMARES** WITH HIM IN IT, BECAUSE ONE DAY SHE JUST **SNAPPED**...



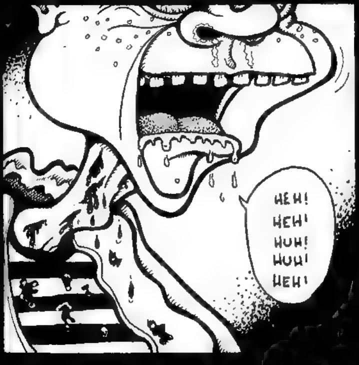
BEFORE ANYONE KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, SHE HAD HER HANDS AROUND HIS SCRAWNY NECK, **SHAKING** AND **CHOKING HIM**, WHILE SHE MADE THESE **WEIRD, SCARY GRUNTING SOUNDS** LIKE THE GIRL IN "THE EXORCIST". THE BUS DRIVER HAD TO **PRY** HER OFF OF HIM AND IT TOOK ABOUT **TEN OF US*** TO HOLD HER DOWN UNTIL WE GOT TO THE SCHOOL.



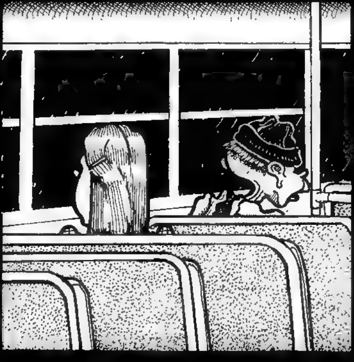
WHEN WE GOT TO SCHOOL ALL THESE **PRINCIPALS** AND **COUNSELLORS** CAME RUNNING OUT AND TOOK HER TO SOME OFFICE. SHE HAD **BLOOD** ALL OVER HER AND SHE WAS COMPLETELY **FLIPPED O-U-T!**

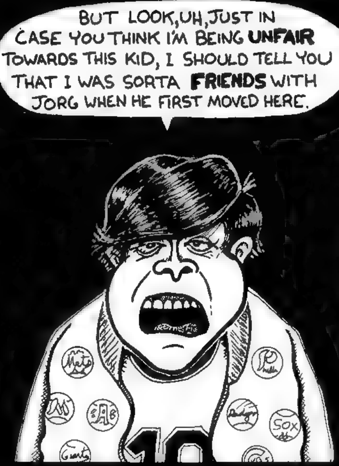


THE REJECT'S NECK WAS BLEEDING, SO THEY TOOK HIM TO THE NURSE (HE STILL HAS THE SCARS ON HIS NECK.) BUT HE WAS **LAUGHING** THE WHOLE TIME, LIKE HE THOUGHT IT WAS **FUNNY!** THE **STUPID JERK!**

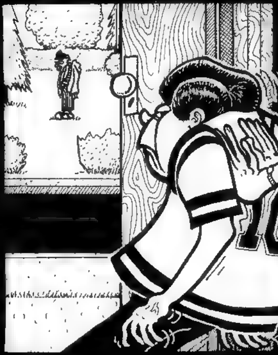

HEH! HEH! HUH! HUH! HEH!

BUT THE **WEIRD** PART OF ALL THIS IS THAT SHE **STILL SAT BEHIND HIM** FOR THE **REST** OF THE **YEAR!** OH WELL, REJECTS WILL BE REJECTS! **HA HA!**

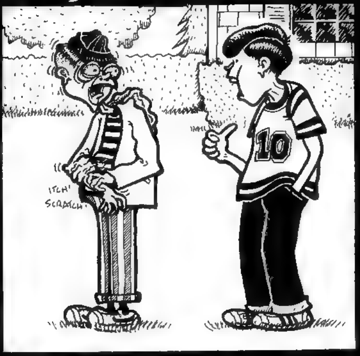



BUT LOOK, UH, JUST IN CASE YOU THINK I'M BEING **UNFAIR** TOWARDS THIS KID, I SHOULD TELL YOU THAT I WAS SORTA **FRIENDS** WITH JORG WHEN HE FIRST MOVED HERE.
SOX

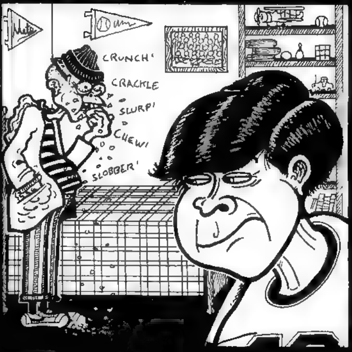
MY MOTHER SORTA MADE ME BE NICE TO HIM, AND BESIDES, I FELT A LITTLE SORRY FOR HIM.* I MEAN, I'M NOT EXACTLY MR. POPULARITY MYSELF.



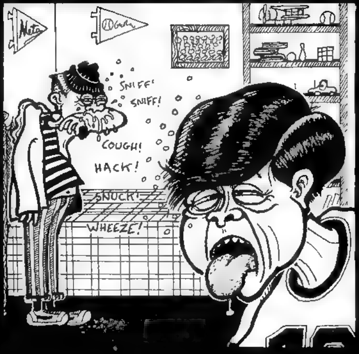
BUT MAN, TRYING TO BE FRIENDS WITH THIS KID WAS **IMPOSSIBLE!** THE FIRST TIME I EVER ASKED HIM TO COME OVER MY HOUSE HE SAID "WHAT FOR?"! AS IF **I** WAS THE **REJECT!!!**


ITCH!
SCRATCH
10

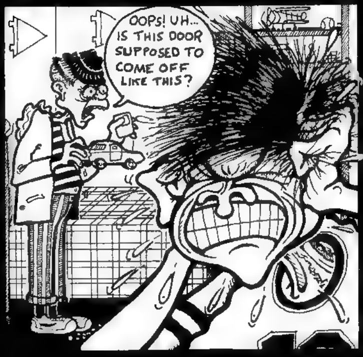
AND WHEN HE DID COME OVER MY HOUSE HE'D DRIVE ME COMPLETELY **NUTS!** HE WAS ALWAYS* EATING **POTATO CHIPS** OUT OF HIS COAT POCKET, AND HE'D GET CRUMBS **ALL OVER THE FLOOR.**


CRUNCH!
CRACKLE
SLURP!
CHEW!
SLOBBER!

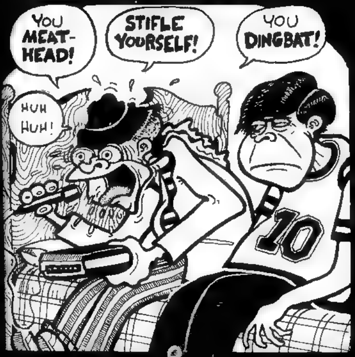
AND HE WAS ALWAYS* **WHEEZING** AND **CHOUGHING** AND **WIPING** HIS **SNOTS** ON HIS **SLEEVE**, AND I WAS **TERRIFIED** OF **CATCHING** WHATEVER **DISEASE** IT WAS HE HAD.


SNIFF!
SNIFF!
COUGH!
HACK!
SNUCK!
WHEEZE!

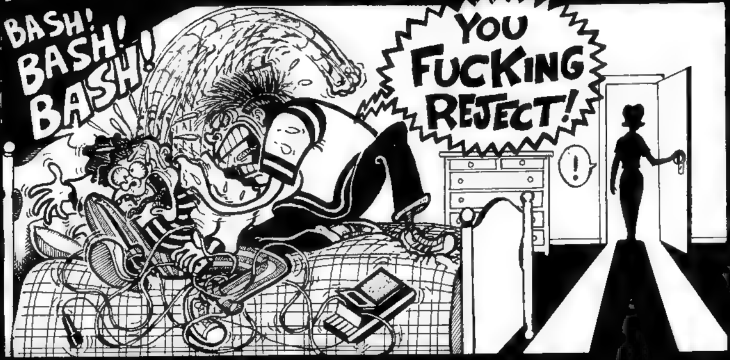
AND HE HAD TO **TOUCH** EVERYTHING!– MY CAR MODELS, MY BASEBALL CARDS, MY COMICS – GETTING HIS **SNOTS** AND **POTATO CHIP GREASE** ALL OVER MY **VALUABLE STUFF!***


OOPS! UH... IS THIS DOOR SUPPOSED TO COME OFF LIKE THIS?

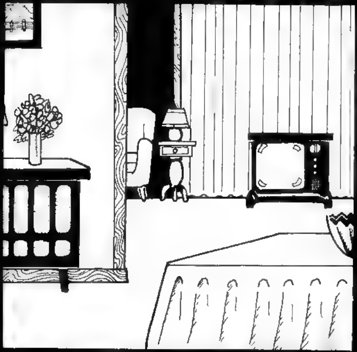
THEN WHEN WE'D PLAY WITH MY TAPE RECORDER HE WOULD ALWAYS GO INTO HIS STUPID "**ALL IN THE FAMILY**" ROUTINE.


YOU MEAT-HEAD!
STIFLE YOURSELF!
YOU DINGBAT!
HUH HUH!
10

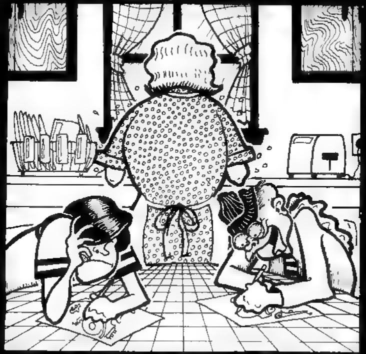
FINALLY ONE DAY HE **BUSTED** MY TAPE RECORDER AND I TOTALLY BLEW MY COOL. **I COULDN'T TAKE THIS KID ANYMORE!** I JUMPED UP AND STARTED **BASHING HIS HEAD IN!** OF COURSE THAT WAS WHEN MY MOTHER CAME IN AND **I** GOT IN TROUBLE. BUT NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT WAS THE **LAST TIME** THE REJECT CAME OVER **MY** HOUSE!


BASH! BASH! BASH!
YOU FUCKING REJECT!
!

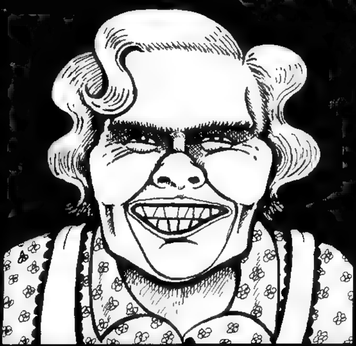
WE HUNG OUT AT HIS HOUSE A **COUPLE** OF TIMES BUT THAT WAS EVEN **WORSE.** HIS HOUSE WAS SPOTLESSLY CLEAN AND YOU WEREN'T ALOUD TO TOUCH **ANYTHING.*** AND HE OWNED **NO NEAT STUFF!**



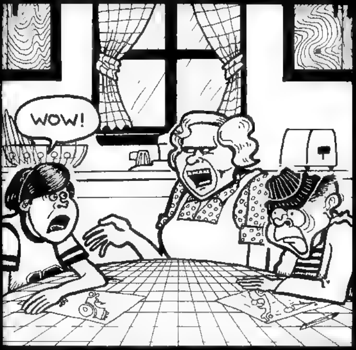
WE HAD TO SIT IN THE KITCHEN WITH HIS MOTHER THERE WATCHING US, AND ALL WE'D DO WAS DRAW CARS. AND IT WAS **BORING.**



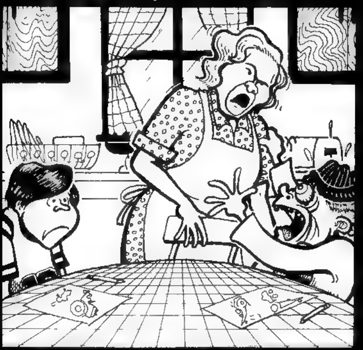
HIS PARENTS CAME FROM GERMANY, THOUGH THEY SPOKE PRETTY GOOD AMERICAN. HIS MOTHER WAS STRICT AND KIND OF SCARY, BUT SHE TOLD INTERESTING STORIES.



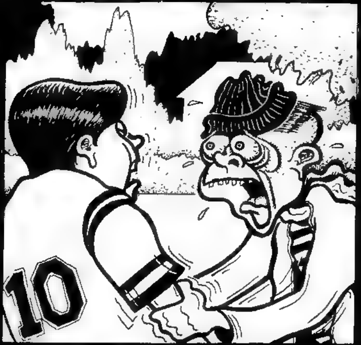
ONCE SHE TOLD ME ABOUT THE REJECT'S GRANDFATHER, WHO FOUGHT IN AFRICA WITH ROMMEL IN WORLD WAR TWO. DROVE A **TANK** AND **EVERYTHING.** SOUNDED LIKE A NEAT GUY.



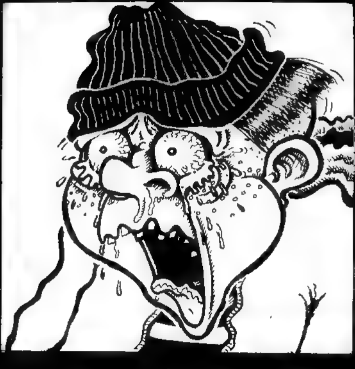
SHE WAS ABOUT TO SHOW ME SOME OF HIS OLD WAR SOUVENIRS WHEN THE REJECT WENT INTO A PANIC, BEGGING HIS MOTHER NOT TO SHOW ME THE STUFF.



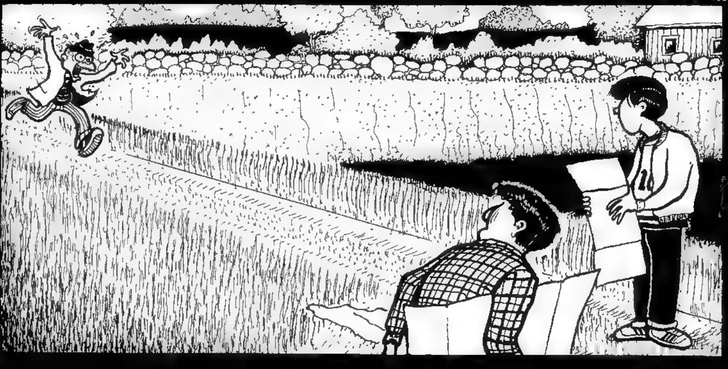
HE TOOK ME OUTSIDE AND STARTED PLEADING WITH ME NOT TO TELL ANYONE ABOUT HIS GRANDFATHER–THAT HE DIDN'T WANT EVERYONE TO START CALLING HIM A NAZI.



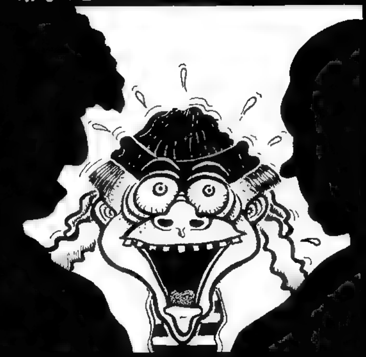
I TOLD HIM THAT HE WAS ACTING STUPID, AND THAT HE SHOULD BE **PROUD** OF HIS GRANDPA, BUT HE SAID THAT HE KNOWS THAT THE GERMANS WERE THE BAD GUYS AND **DIDN'T WANT TO BE MADE FUN OF.**



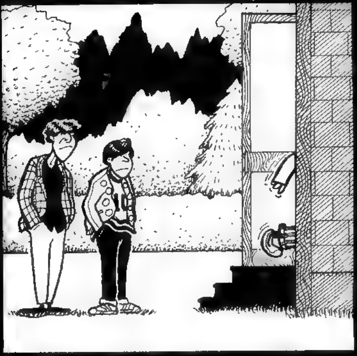
I THOUGHT HE WAS GETTING ALL BENT OUT OF SHAPE OVER NOTHING, BUT I KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT. I ALSO DECIDED NOT TO HANG OUT WITH HIM ANYMORE. HE WAS JUST **TOO WEIRD.** I DIDN'T SEE HIDE NOR HAIR OF HIM ALL THAT SUMMER, UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN ME AND JOEY LARSON WERE HANGING OUT ON THE AQUEDUCT AND WE SAW THE REJECT RUNNING TOWARDS US LIKE A LUNATIC...



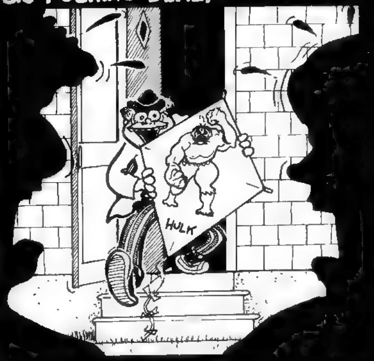
HE INSISTED THAT WE GO TO HIS HOUSE, THAT HE HAD SOMETHING HE WANTED TO SHOW US. HE WOULDN'T SAY WHAT IT WAS, JUST THAT IT WAS REALLY "**BOSS**."



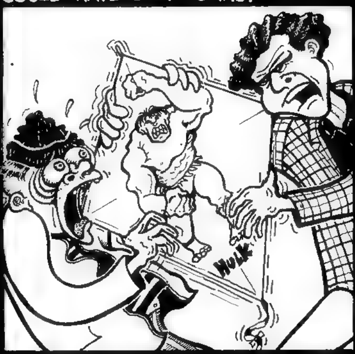
WHEN WE GOT TO HIS HOUSE HE ASKED US TO WAIT OUTSIDE WHILE HE WENT IN TO GET WHATEVER IT WAS HE WANTED TO SHOW US.



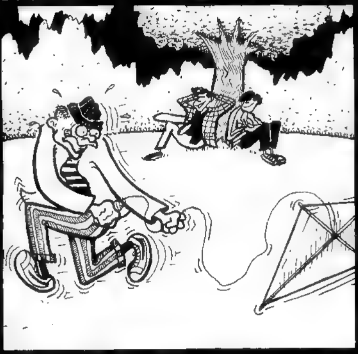
FINALLY HE CAME OUT WITH THE "BOSS" SUPRISE: A **KITE** WITH A PICTURE OF **THE INCREDIBLE HULK** ON IT. LIKE, **BIG FUCKING DEAL!**



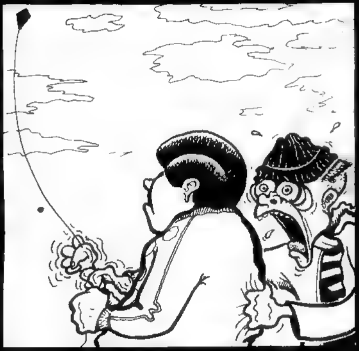
"OKAY, SO LET US FLY IT"! JOEY SAID, BUT AS SOON AS HE TOUCHED IT THE REJECT GOT ALL **UPTIGHT**, SAYING **HE** HAD TO FLY IT FIRST, AND THEN WE COULD HAVE OUR TURNS.



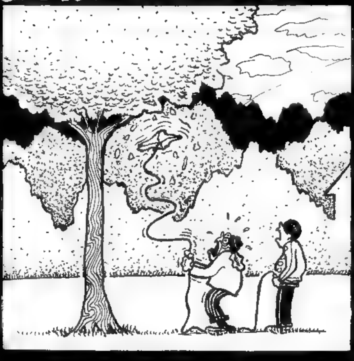
WELL, WE HAD NOTHING ELSE TO DO SO WE SAT DOWN AND LAUGHED WHILE THE REJECT RAN AROUND LIKE A **SPAZ** TRYING TO GET IT OFF THE GROUND. HE FINALLY MADE IT AFTER ABOUT AN HOUR.



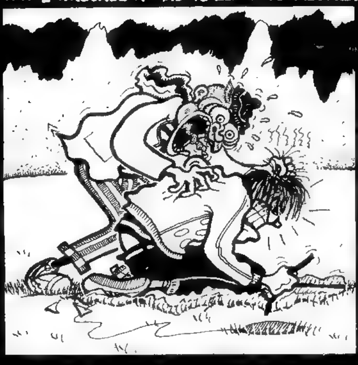
AFTER A WHILE IT WAS MY TURN TO FLY THE KITE, BUT THE WHOLE TIME I WAS HOLDING IT THE REJECT KEPT **CLAWING** AT ME AND SAYING THAT I WAS GONNA **WRECK** IT.



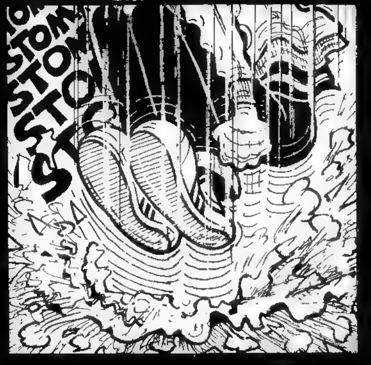
NEXT THING YOU KNOW THE KITE GETS STUCK IN A TREE, AND THE REJECT GOES INTO A **PANIC**. HE YANKED ON THE STRING TOO HARD AND THE KITE CAME DOWN ALL BUSTED UP.



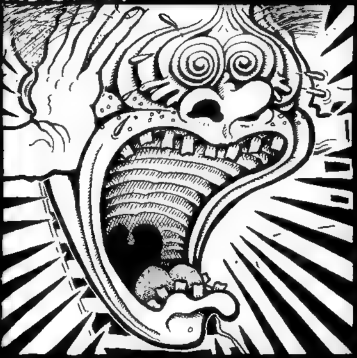
I FELT **BAD** THAT THE KITE GOT BUSTED—EVEN THOUGH IT WASN'T MY FAULT—SO I STARTED TRYING TO FIX IT, BUT THEN THE REJECT WAS **ALL OVER ME**, SCREAMING THAT **I WRECKED IT** AND TO **LEAVE IT ALONE**.



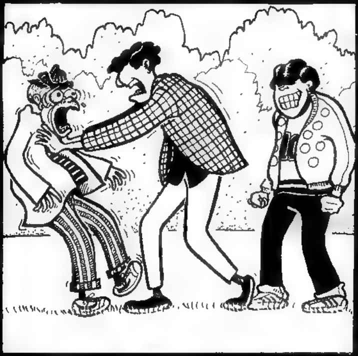
THAT **REALLY** PISSED ME OFF—BLAMING **ME** FOR SOMETHING THAT WAS **HIS** FAULT—SO I **SMASHED** HIS KITE INTO A **MILLION PIECES**...



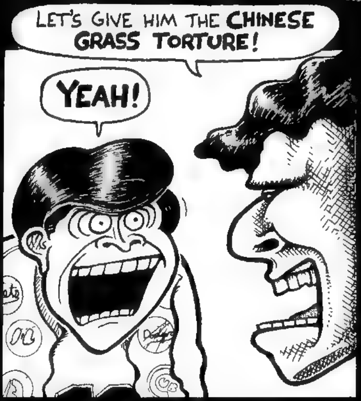
BY·NOW THE REJECT WAS **TOTALLY HYSTERICAL.**



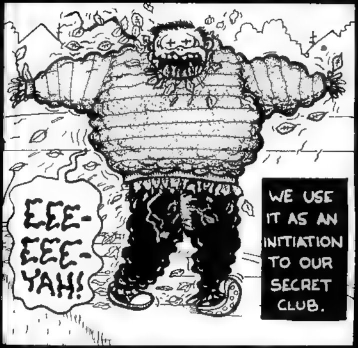
JOEY LARSON HAD BEEN LAUGHING AT WHAT WAS GOING ON, BUT WHEN THE REJECT STARTED CRYING HE GOT REALLY MAD. HE CALLED HIM A **BIG BABY** AND SAID "I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO **CRY** ABOUT."



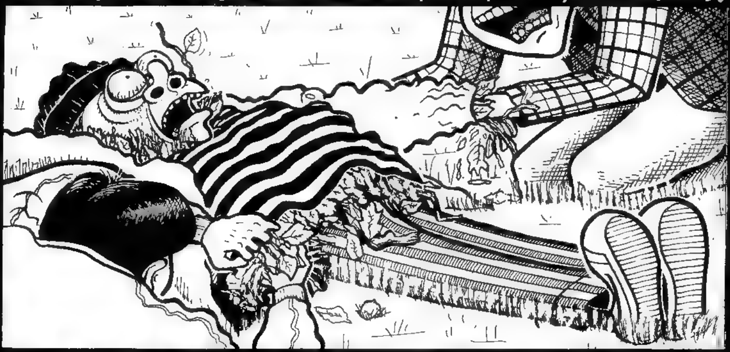
HE PUSHED HIM DOWN AND BEGAN KICKING HIM, AND SOON I JOINED IN. THEN JOEY HAD A BRILLIANT IDEA...


LET'S GIVE HIM THE **CHINESE GRASS TORTURE!**
YEAH!

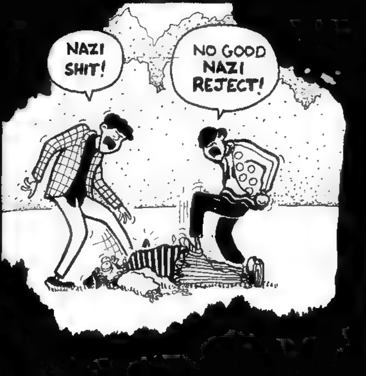
THE "CHINESE GRASS TORTURE" IS WHEN YOU STUFF SOMEBODY'S SHIRT AND PANTS WITH **GRASS** (AND STICKS AND LEAVES) 'TIL THEY CAN **HARDLY MOVE**. AND THE ITCHING DRIVES THEM **CRAZY**!


EEE-EEE-YAH!
WE USE IT AS AN INITIATION TO OUR SECRET CLUB.

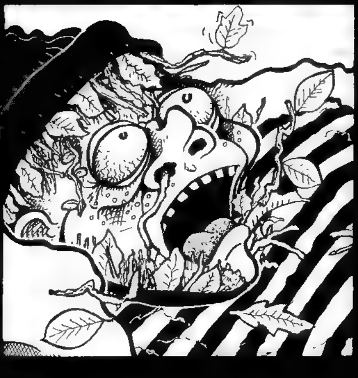
WE FIGURED THAT THIS WOULD **REALLY** MAKE THE REJECT **FREAK-OUT**, BUT Y'KNOW, IT WAS A WEIRD THING... HE DIDN'T CRY OR SCREAM OR MOVE OR DO **ANYTHING**. HE JUST LIED THERE, LIKE HE WAS **DEAD** OR IN A **TRANCE** OR SOMETHING, WHILE WE STUFFED HIS CLOTHES WITH LEAVES, STICKS, ROCKS, EVEN **DOG-SHIT**.*



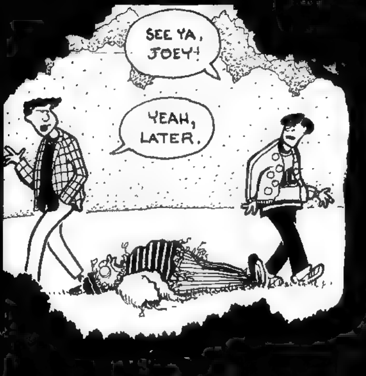
WELL THIS WAS NO FUN, WITH HIM JUST LYING THERE LIKE A BUMP ON A LOG, SO WE STARTED KICKING HIM AGAIN. THEN I THOUGHT OF CALLING HIM A **NAZI**, FIGURING THAT WOULD GET HIM RILED.


NAZI SHIT!
NO GOOD NAZI REJECT!

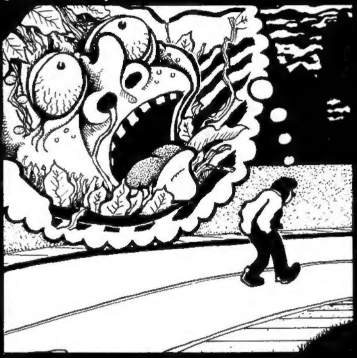
BUT HE JUST LIED THERE WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND.



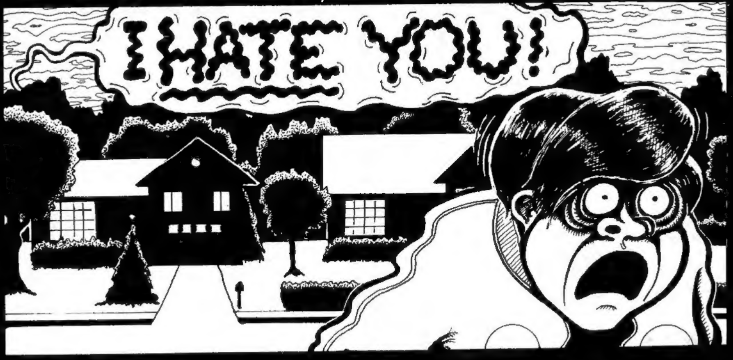
SO WE DECIDED TO SPLIT. IT WAS GETTING LATE ANYWAYS, SO JOEY AND I SPLIT UP AND HEADED FOR HOME, LEAVING THE REJECT WHERE HE WAS.


SEE YA, JOEY!
YEAH, LATER.

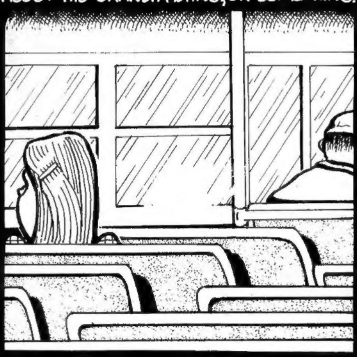
ON MY WAY HOME I STARTED THINKING ABOUT THE WEIRD EXPRESSION ON THE REJECTS FACE, AND I COULDN'T HELP WONDERING WHAT HE WAS THINKING JUST NOW.



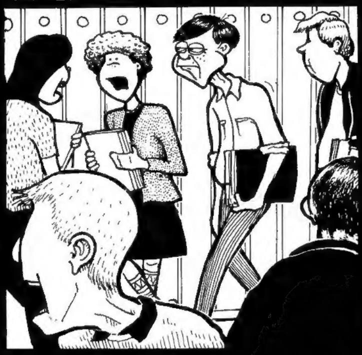
THAT'S WHEN I HEARD HIM SCREAM, AND THAT PRETTY MUCH ANSWERED MY QUESTION.



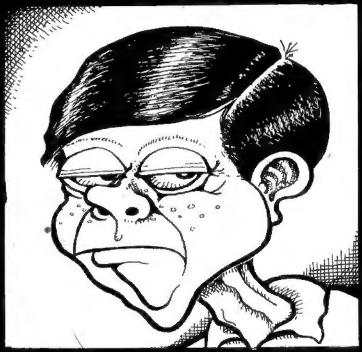
WHEN THE NEXT SCHOOL YEAR STARTED HE WASN'T ON OUR BUS, EVEN THOUGH HIS FAMILY STILL LIVED IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. SOMEONE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT HIS GRANDPA DYING, OR SOMETHING.



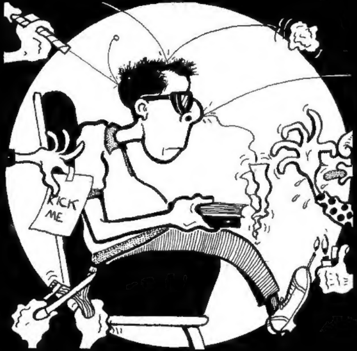
IT WASN'T UNTIL NEXT YEAR THAT I SAW HIM AGAIN, AND I BARELY RECOGNIZED HIM*. HE WASN'T MUCH OF A REJECT ANYMORE.



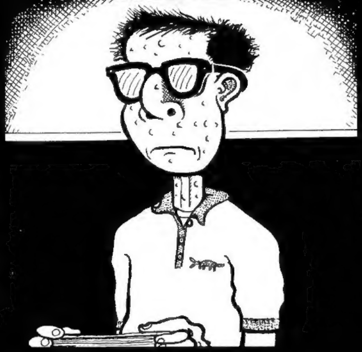
HE DIDN'T HAVE HIS HAT ANYMORE, AND HE WAS ALOT TALLER THAN ME NOW, SO I WASN'T GOING TO MESS WITH HIM. HE ACTED LIKE HE DIDNT RECOGNIZE ME, AND THAT WAS FINE WITH ME.

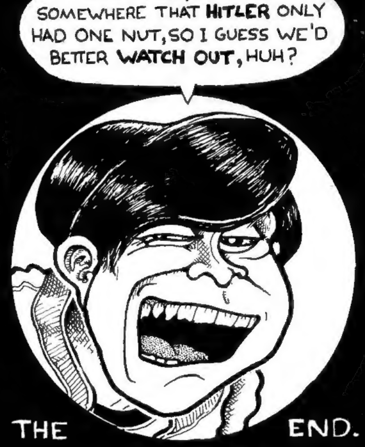


ANYHOW, WE GOT A NEW REJECT ON OUR BUS, NAMED **MIKE POMERANTZ**. YOU SEE, WE DISCOVERED A LITTLE SECRET ABOUT MIKE...



WELL, I DON'T WANT TO GO INTO DETAIL, ALL I'M GONNA TELL YOU IS THAT HIS NICKNAME IS "**ONE-NUT**", AND THAT PRETTY MUCH SAYS IT ALL.

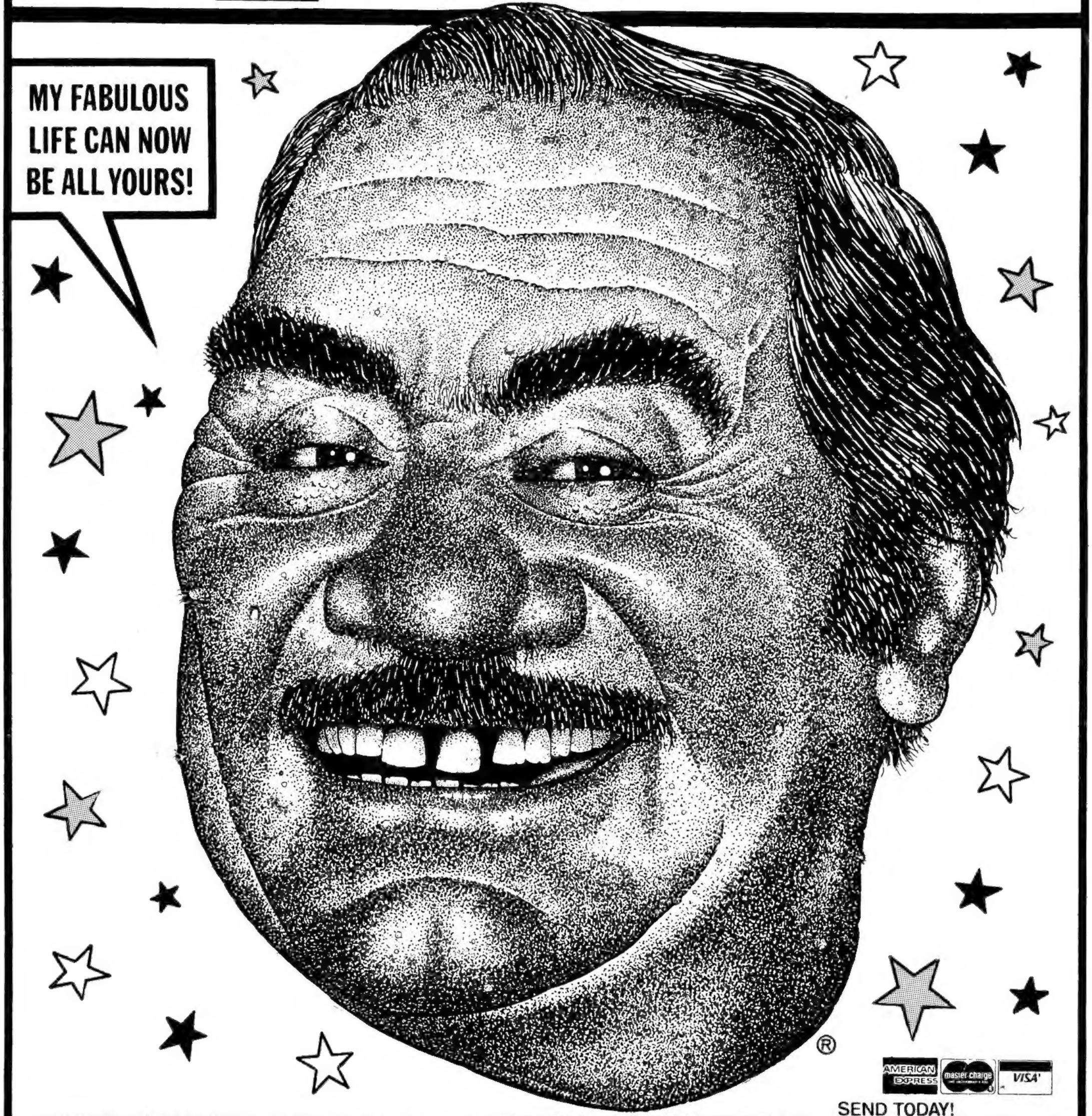



BUT THEN, I HEARD SOMEWHERE THAT **HITLER** ONLY HAD ONE NUT, SO I GUESS WE'D BETTER **WATCH OUT**, HUH?

THE END.

DO YOU HAVE A REJECT STORY OF YOUR OWN? THEN SEND IT IN—THE BEST STORIES WILL BE REPRINTED IN **WEIRDO!**

# NOW YOU CAN LOOK JUST LIKE THIS!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Peter Bagge
Oct. 28, 1983

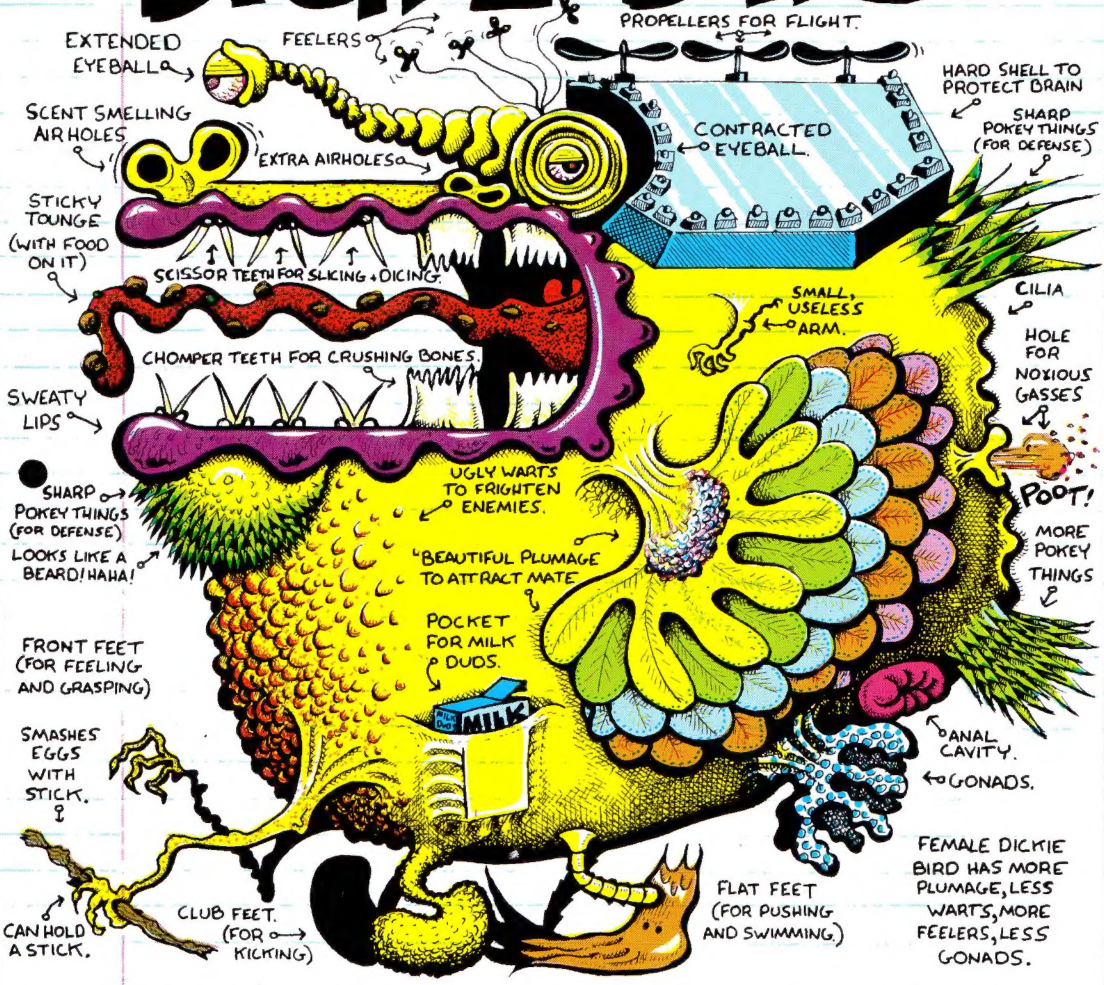
C- YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVENT BEEN STUDYING! -MS. B

Biology 101
Ms. Beezle
Lab. Report #7

# THE RARE, ELUSIVE, ALMOST EXTINCT
# DICKIE BIRD.

ACTUAL SIZE.

HAS B.O.



EXTENDED EYEBALL
FEELERS
PROPELLERS FOR FLIGHT.
HARD SHELL TO PROTECT BRAIN
SCENT SMELLING AIR HOLES
EXTRA AIRHOLES
CONTRACTED EYEBALL.
SHARP POKEY THINGS (FOR DEFENSE)
STICKY TOUNGE (WITH FOOD ON IT)
SCISSOR TEETH FOR SLICING + DICING.
CILIA
SMALL, USELESS ARM.
CHOMPER TEETH FOR CRUSHING BONES.
HOLE FOR NOXIOUS GASSES
SWEATY LIPS
POOT!
UGLY WARTS TO FRIGHTEN ENEMIES.
SHARP POKEY THINGS (FOR DEFENSE) LOOKS LIKE A BEARD! HAHA!
BEAUTIFUL PLUMAGE TO ATTRACT MATE
MORE POKEY THINGS
POCKET FOR MILK DUDS.
MILK DUDS
MILK
FRONT FEET (FOR FEELING AND GRASPING)
SMASHES EGGS WITH STICK.
ANAL CAVITY.
GONADS.
FEMALE DICKIE BIRD HAS MORE PLUMAGE, LESS WARTS, MORE FEELERS, LESS GONADS.
FLAT FEET (FOR PUSHING AND SWIMMING.)
CLUB FEET. (FOR KICKING)
CAN HOLD A STICK.

EATS ONLY EGGS AND MILK DUDS!
(FACT: DIET CONTAINS NO POTASIUM!)

ENEMIES: ELEPHANTS, BABOONS, EMUS.
FRIENDS: GIRAFFES, ALLIGATORS, BABOONS.
PREY: EGGS, MILK DUDS, WATER.
RESIDENCE: LOWER ZAMBIA. ONLY 36 LEFT! DON'T KILL ANYMORE!

WARNING: **HAS BAD DISPOSITION! DON'T TRY TO PET IT!**

PYGMIES CONSIDER IT AS SACRED, BUT ZULU TRIBESMEN PRIZE IT'S FLESH! CONSIDER GONADS A DELICACY!
EASY WAY TO KILL IT: KEEP FEEDING IT MILK DUDS 'TIL IT EXPLODES!

A Pyramid Scan
CW.
C2C • Quality • CBZ